

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE :
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VIII.] FOR AUGUST, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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MDCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We commend the piety expressed in the verification of the Lord's prayer, but we think it more suitable for the devotional hours of the Author than for our Magazine.

The Cenfor is too personal for admission. Satire that has vice, not character, for its object, will always be acceptable.

Linus will be pleased to accept our acknowledgments for his useful and entertaining communications.

The Essayist, No. XI, is received. It shall have a place next month.

The hints of Correspondents shall be complied with, as far as in our power.

The Apology of the *Duellist*, for private reasons, cannot be published.

Will the daughters of the Muses, who have favoured us with their compositions, condescend again to tune their lyres, that the Cabinet of Apollo may be filled with original pieces of sentiment and elegance?

PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

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JOHN MARSTON, Stock Broker.

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MONTHLY



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Maſſa. May. 1786.



S. Hill. Sculp.

FLORETTA and FLORIO.



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1794.

The INSTANTANEOUS IMPRESSION.

[Illustrated with a handsome ENGRAVING.]

FLORETTA possessed more beauty than fortune; and though she was esteemed the most amiable Shepherdess in the Province of Lisle, she yet possessed more sense than beauty. A certain undefinable sweetness sat in every feature of her face, and charmed in every action of her mind. Like SHAKESPEARE'S PERDITA—if she sung, such was the melody of her voice, we would have her sing for ever:—If she danced in the rural ring on the green, or on the upland, the Swains, with enamoured fondness, hung on every movement, and entreated her to dance for ever. In short, every incident of life served but as a mirror to exhibit her endowments. The simplicity of her manners—the artless innocence of her mind—the warmth of her endearing and kind temper, were attractions that drew every Shepherd around her cottage, and made the little embosomed mansion like an aviary of birds—a scene of vocal harmony and music.

We might with voluptuous pleasure dwell on the description of her abode; painting the enamelled beau-

ties of the scene with poetic colouring, and giving even fresh luxuriance to the tints of Nature. But

“ ————To paint the lily,
“ To throw a perfume on the violet,
“ To smooth the ice, to add another hue
“ Unto the rainbow, or try, with taper
light,
“ The beauteous face of heaven to garnish,
“ Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

Her Cottage was beautified by Nature, and was tenanted by Heaven: Man, therefore, need not flatter himself possessed of abilities to enrich it by description. In vain did the Swains assail her with all the eloquence of erratic love: FLORETTA was too poor for a wife. In the present day of fashionable extravagance, it is a melancholy truth, that no motives so generally actuates the mind as interest. Our luxuries and refinements beget innumerable wants, unknown in earlier times; which force the human mind to deviate even from its most amiable volitions, and prosecute lines of conduct as mortifying as they are disgraceful. The pristine simplici-

ty of our plains is contaminated with a portion of the rage that has gained such entire possession of the fashionable world. The Shepherd no more invokes the inspiration of the rural Pan; the oaten reed lies neglected; and the purling streams flow unassociated by the wonted melody of the piping swains. In the little retired village, indeed, which gave birth to the lovely FLORETTA, a remnant may be seen of Arcadian simplicity; but tinged with the volatile salt of perfidious refinement, it exists in so vitiated a state, that it deserves not the name of Felicity. An incessant round of pleasure, indeed, may be foolishly conceived by the young, infatuated, and thoughtless, to be happiness. Levity, bordering on licentiousness, marks the characters of the females; and an unbounded thirst in the pursuit of interest and pleasure, those of the men. In such a society may it not be wondered, that the lovely FLORETTA remained uncontaminated, since we know how easily, and how imperceptibly the chains of passion cling around the heart? Gilt o'er by the sanctity of custom, Vice loses its deformity, and assumes the most fascinating features. Never, therefore, O never let us trust ourselves one instant, in the presence of a crime. The first step towards iniquity is difficult to accomplish—the second may be painful—but the third is easy: The ladder that reaches to the abyss, becomes gradually more easy, as we descend, till at last we find pleasure in what at first gave us pain. FLORETTA is an excellent exception to this general rule. She stood the shock of association unhurt: She saw through the misleading glare of lawless pleasures, and shuddered at the danger she was daily exposed to. To the many assiduities of the village swains

she was impenetrable. They sung, they danced, and they piped in vain. She saw that they assailed her virtue, not her heart. They did not seek for connubial delights in her society, but for momentary gratifications in her seduction. Aware of their ends, she had strength and virtue enough to defeat them; and she lived the pattern of imitation, as she was the emblem innocence.

FLORIO, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, returned from the Academy, where he had completed his education;—an education not designed to render him eminent in any public profession, but such as fitted him for social intercourse, and domestic retirement. His father, possessed of happy affluence, esteemed it more eligible to station his heir in the bosom of his pastoral fields, than in the round of dissipation attendant on a town-life, or in the busy, bustling, enviable road to fame. FLORIO was happily calculated for the path in which he was to walk. He was possessed of a most captivating sensibility; tender in his nature, and with a comfortable mixture of that wit and humour which is the seasoning to the dish of life.

Strolling one day across the uplands of the beautiful and various country near his father's, he accidentally saw FLORETTA.—FLORETTA saw him. The glance was mutual, and the Impression was Instantaneous! They felt an undescribable something take possession of their hearts: It was pleasure, mingled with pain. This mutual sensibility urged them to pass on; but an irresistible impulse fixed them to the spot. Their eyes alternately met, and fell towards the ground: They were confounded, as their glances, in the interchange, were discovered, and from the pure ingenuities

genuousness of their souls, a vermillion spread itself upon their cheeks.

FLORIO, however, recovering himself from the enchantment which had chained him to the ground, advanced with the most enamoured, and yet throbbing heart, to FLORETTE.

"May I not (says he, with the most winning sweetness of accent)—may I not help you to tend your flock, my Shepherdess? I will be a faithful guide, and will conduct them across the hill for you, with care.—Do, pray, let me ease you of the task."

"Gentle Stranger (replies the lovely FLORETTE), it is so delightful a task, that I cannot agree to part with it."

"Then pray (says he), my fair one, let me enjoy but a part of the delight. I know not how it is, but I take an interest in the welfare of your flock. I think they are the finest Lambs I ever saw. But bless me (continues he, with a sigh), what have I to do with them?—They are the property of a shepherdess, whose heart, no doubt, is in the possession of some favoured Swain, and I tarry and gaze upon them, to my undoing."—A momentary suspense seized them both, on this instant.—She knew not what to say; and he wished to have the doubt removed, for which the hint was thrown out. His susceptibility was touched—He read the desired answer in her blushing cheek and downcast eye. He saw the inward workings of her heart, and with a tumultuous tide of transport he snatched the fair one's hand, and imprinted on it the warmest effusion of his soul. Recollecting himself, and starting at the thought of his having been, perhaps, too vehement in his address, he, with the awe that is inspired by the emo-

tions of honourable love, retreated a few paces, and prayed the fair one to forgive him the effects of a transport which he could not smother, and which he hoped did not arise from misconception or disrespect. The language of the heart, as it is gathered from the eyes, is the simplest thing on earth, and did more for this enamoured pair, in two minutes of suspense which succeeded to this apology, than all the eclatification that words could have brought about. Were we permitted, in imitation of the most captivating Physiognomist that ever penned a History for the entertainment of Mankind, to translate the dumb language into English, it would nearly run as follows:

"Believe me, kind swain (said FLORETTE), I am as pleased with your transports as yourself. I feel an inexpressible pleasure in your society; and would the delicacy of my sex permit, I would return your caresses with equal ardour, and shew you how much your first appearance hath prepossessed me in your favour."

"O Heavens! (exclaimed the enraptured FLORIO) And is it possible that I have made an impression on your heart?—Is it possible, that I may be happy enough to be united to you for ever—to dwell in your society—to hang upon your sweetness, and, like the bee from the perfumed floweret, distil the balmy essence from that lip, without ravaging its beauty, or injuring its sweets?—Is it possible that I may be your's?"

"It is, my Shepherd, it is! There is an attachment in my bosom, which, as it is fixed there, no doubt, by the hand of Providence, for the wisest ends, I do not counteract, which tells me I must be your's or no one's."

When

When the happy interval was past, which had been filled up with such significant intercourse of the eyes as hath formed the groundwork for the above interpretation, they parted, without reducing it to more explicit language—but not before he had entreated to know her name.

“FLORETTA—a Maid whose only fortune is her innocence, and her occupation a Shepherdess.”

“And I am FLORIO, possessed of a comfortable inheritance; not enough, indeed, to answer the calls of Luxury, but more than sufficient for two such people as you and I are.”

They parted—she to conduct her sheep to the pasture, on the brow of the hill; and he to seek his father. He soon found him, and throwing himself at his feet, with an earnestness and a warmth which bespoke at

once the ardour of his affection, and the sincerity of his heart, he besought him to consent to his union with FLORETTA. The father knew her—admired her;—for every one that knew, admired her; and raising his son, with parental tenderness told him—the choice was worthy of his heart—He considered FLORETTA as the richest female of the Land, since she possessed treasures more estimable than lucre, in an undefiled and a pure heart. She would make a wife capable of rendering his journey through this life a chain of felicity, in which there would be found no intermitting link of anxiety or sorrow.

FLORIO, in a few days, was joined to FLORETTA; and at this very moment they are the happiest couple in the Province of Lisle.

[*Westmin. Mag.*]



ANECDOTE of DEAN SWIFT.

DR. Swift had an odd blunt way that was mistaken by strangers for ill nature; it was so odd that there is no describing it* but by facts. One evening Gay and Pope went to see him. On their coming in, “Hey day, gentlemen,” said the Dean, “what can be the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great Lords you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor scurvy Dean?” Because we would rather see you than any of them. “Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might possibly believe you; but since you are come I must get some supper for you, I suppose.” No, Doctor, we have supped already.

“Supped already! that is impossible, why it is not eight o’clock.”—Indeed we have. “That’s very strange; but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you; let me see, a couple of lobsters would have done very well—two shillings; tarts, a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your time only to spare my pocket.” No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.—“But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me; a bottle of wine two shillings—two and two are four, and one is five; just two and six pence a piece;

* The late Archbishop of Armagh, happening to object one day in Swift’s company to an expression of Pope, as not being the purest English. Swift answered with his usual roughness, “I could never get the blockhead to study his grammar.”

a piece ; there Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir ; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with

his usual seriousness on such occasions : and in spite of every thing they could say to the contrary, he actually obliged them to take the money.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. IV.

IN whatever light we consider man, whether as a selfish, a social, or religious being, we still behold in him the traces of infinite wisdom. All the literary sciences, all the attainments in virtue and morality, are so many rivulets which terminate in the vast ocean of boundless perfection.

Next to the important consideration of religion, we may place the great principle of humanity. All civilized classes of men, nay, even the rude barbarians, entertain some conceptions of this important virtue. Such high ideas did the ancients have of humanity, that their elysium itself was not considered as a state of perfect happiness without it. Children, according to their philosophy, met in those blissful abodes the spirits of their fathers, and enjoyed a social communion. The Roman bards carried this principle to excess. Virgil in particular, while he records the pleasures of the virtuous in elysium, with language next to inspiration, represents them solicitous for the fate of their friends in this upper world. But while we admire the splendor of the pagan virtues, unassisted by revelation, well may the Christian exult in the superior excellency of his own religion.

The sacred pages inculcate, in the most emphatical terms, the doctrines of humanity. They command mutual affection, not on the comparatively narrow and selfish

principle of patriotism, but because we are all children of the same Parent—the Father of the universe.—Does not this prove the divine original of Christianity, and sufficiently refute the cant of sophists, and the invidious sneer of infidelity ? But the great principle of humanity, like all other passions, will decay, if it is not cherished with proper care and attention. It is a tender plant, that grows only in feeling minds.

By frequently visiting the house of sickness, and abodes of despair ; by ameliorating the miseries, and relieving the distresses of our fellow men, we enkindle in our bosoms the generous flame of humanity : And if it is not presumption to use the expression, we perform, though in a humbler sphere, the province of the Deity. If mankind would uniformly act on this motive, the world, instead of exhibiting a horrid spectacle of jars and dissensions, would be suddenly converted into a glorious millenium. And we may rationally conjecture, that if this grand period will ever be brought forth by the operation of natural causes, it must proceed on some similar principle. Then would the barren desert of the soul blossom with the roses of contentment—happiness reassume her empire in the human breast—and the whole face of nature be converted from barrenness and solitude, into beauty and fertility.

Having proceeded thus far, I shall endeavour to point out some of the

the most obvious causes which interrupt the growth of humanity.—Operas and masquerades tend evidently to deaden the finer feelings of nature. These were the causes which, by confounding all natural distinctions, by teaching the man to ape the manners of a woman, and by the introduction of a thousand vicious fashions, poured a torrent of licentiousness on modern Europe. It was these causes which roused to opposition the keen irony of Swift, and the refined humour of Addison. May we not with propriety ascribe to the same sources the visible decline of genius in that country, which once was justly denominated the Athens of the world? I mention these causes in particular, as unfavourable to humanity, to suggest to my countrymen the propriety of effectually guarding against them, if they should ever appear on this side of the Atlantic. I will now mention one principle, which accelerates the progress of humanity—and that is, a social and frequent intercourse with society.—

How can we exercise those feelings, which nature has implanted in us, for the benefit of mankind, if we shun the company of man? As I said before, those passions will die for want of exercise. Some few cold hearted bigots may pretend that the life of man ought to be a life of laborious virtue, independent of these pleasures, and they are merely pretences. The path of our duty is strewn with flowers. Why has the Deity enriched the fields with a beautiful green, and tintured the skies with a lively blue, if it is not that the eye may be refreshed when it slides along the vast landscape of heaven and earth? Half of the beauties of nature are visionary beauties. The restless eye of imagination catches the brilliant features as they transpire, and by its creative faculty, multiplies them to infinity. Here then the mind of the Deity shines through his creation. Let us be persuaded, that arguments, drawn from the nature of things, cannot be refuted, and indulge freely the sensations of humanity.

A N E C D O T E.

THE Emperor Charles V. was the great patron of Titiano, a celebrated painter. Among the other honours which he lavished upon him, he invested him with the Order of Santiago at Brussels, and, in 1553, constituted him a Count Palatine of the empire at Barcelona. These favours alarmed the jealousy of the Nobles both of Germany and Spain; but their envy drew no other answer from Charles, than that he had many Nobles in his empire and but one Titiano.—The artist, who was at some distance, employed upon a picture, overheard the retort with conscious

satisfaction; and, as he made his reverence to the Emperor, dropt a pencil on the floor; the courteous Monarch took it up, and delivering it to him, confounded by this second mark of his condescension, added, *that, to wait on Titiano, was a service for an Emperor.* Charles did not only grace this eminent artist with the splendid ornaments and titles above-mentioned, he gave him more solid marks of his favour, appointing him rents in Naples of two hundred ducats annually each, besides a munificent compensation for every picture he executed.

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLVII.

"When the obligations of morality are taught, let the functions of Christianity never be forgotten; by which it will be shewn that they give strength and lustre to each other: Religion will appear to be the voice of Reason, and Morality to be the will of God."

JOHNSON.

IT is surprizing into what extravagances human nature will run when it has got loose from all restraints, and prides itself in being uncontroled in any of its vagaries! Even the intelligent mind, when it feels self sufficient, and equal to the task of exploring its own way, and directing its own movements, regardless of all prescription, and of all regulation, human or divine, except from *the divinity that stirs within*—often flies off eccentric, is lost in clouds, or sinks grovelling in the mire, and acts very irrationally while it glories in following reason. Look at France! Look at her philosophers! Look at her zealous reformers! Look at their humble imitators, both in Europe and America!

Happy, indeed, are the followers of reason! But reason is cool, and requires sedateness in order to attend to her dictates, and an impartial and dispassionate temper in order to feel their force, and submit to their authority. In the din of contention, the directions of reason are not heard, or not regarded. In the glow of triumph, other principles than reason preside and direct. In the rage of reformation, zeal takes the lead, and reason is left far behind. In the insurrection of the passions, reason is dethroned, and, like other eminent characters, hurried by the rabble to the *guillotine*. When Enthusiasm, like a raving goddess, inspires men's minds; and when such inflamed minds vie with each other in a certain novelty and extravagance in thinking, in acting,

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and in expression, we are not to expect a rational and regular line of conduct; we are not to expect an adequate well digested form of government; much less are we to look for a regular system of religion. When such are the leading features of a nation, what rational man would call such a period *the reign of reason?*

France exhibits an awful specimen and proof, that when men of warm passions are receding from one extreme, they cannot stop at any middle, or moderate point, but will run to the other extreme; that when the shackles of slavery are suddenly thrown off, unexperienced minds, in their haste to get away from the awe and restraint of despotism, are apt to run into all the extravagances of licentiousness and anarchy; and that, in their zeal to rid themselves of priestcraft and religious imposition, to which they have ignominiously been subjected, they are in danger of discarding religion itself, and all its necessary institutions and ministers.

When the tempest is over; when the elements are composed; and the atmosphere is serene, then the sun of reason will shine out; men will see what confusion has been made, and begin to set things to rights; regular systems of government will be framed; equitable forms of judiciary proceeding will be established; religion, without which men cannot subsist in regular society, will be recalled from exile; reason will be coolly consulted in devising the best modes of wor-
ship;

ship; the discarded Bible will be hunted up and carefully examined; impartial reason will feel and acknowledge the force and divinity of its doctrines and precepts; and religion, revealed religion, the Christian religion, will appear to be the most reasonable thing in the world.

Religion results from the nature and state of man as the creature of God, as a rational creature, and as connected with others. It comprehends, therefore, all those acts of piety towards God, all those righteous and benevolent transactions with men, and all that regular and becoming conduct in the various scenes and relations of life, which unbiassed reason, enlightened by revelation, approves. All religion has reference to a Deity, and comprehends inward exercises of veneration and assiance, and outward acts of religious worship, as well as the practice of the social virtues from a principle of obedience. Religion in system comprehends all moral obligations; religion in practice is the faithful discharge of these obligations. That religion, therefore, which leaves out any of the rational acts of piety which are more immediately due to the Supreme Being, is quite as defective

as if it left out any of the essential social virtues. *To walk humbly with God*, is as necessary a part of religion, and as agreeable to reason, as *to do justly, and to love mercy*. As man is a dependent and connected being, the religion of man consists in paying a proper regard to all beings, in proportion to this dependence and connexion. If there is a being upon whom we are absolutely dependent for our existence, support, and happiness, that being claims our most grateful and devout acknowledgments. If this being has commissioned an august personage to bring us the overtures of peace, to prepare us for happiness, and to remove all obstructions to happiness which we could not remove ourselves, most certainly, there are peculiar duties, affections, and acknowledgments, which are due from us to this personage. So that the system of religion, the peculiar observances, prescribed by Christianity, must, to impartial reason, appear as rational, and as essential, as any of the duties which we owe to civil rulers, to our earthly parents, and to our most generous benefactors. The reign of the purest reason, will be the reign of the purest religion.



The GAMBLER: An ANECDOTE.

IN the days of yore, a certain young gentleman had become a notorious *in-amerato* of the billiard and card table. All his hopes and enjoyment were concentrated in a kind of amusement, in which, as an adept, he had no compeer. In the wise and fortunate adjustment of things, the *compagnon de chambre* of this gambler was a paragon of virtue. His celebrity for regularity of deportment and abhorrence of

every species of vice had pervaded the country. He frequently reminded the deluded youth of the great impropriety and ruinous tendency of such a career. All remonstrances, however, were totally inadequate to his reformation. To effect this, the good *compagnon de chambre* was conscious that, unless some method were soon adopted, his destruction would inevitably follow. He therefore contrived one night,

night, when the gambler was gone to pay his devoirs to the billiard table, to get a monstrous great black hog into their chamber. The morning began to dawn as he returned. All was hushed as the foot of night. He was beginning to open the door, when, to his unutterable astonishment, he was saluted with a tremendous *grunt*. Before the door was half open, his *Pandemonian majesty*, as, from his shape, colour, and language, our hero took

him to be, rushed out—broke down the door with a horrid crash—took up the gambler with irresistible force—disgorged an impetuous torrent of the salutatory dialect—and sprang forward with renovated vigour, till he and our hero made a glorious pitch from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

It was happy that this expedient proved the conversion and effectual reformation of the young gentleman. Q.

ON D U E L L I N G.

[From BOSWELL'S Life of Dr. JOHNSON.]

ON—I dined with Dr. Johnson at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.—The question was started whether duelling was consistent with moral duty. The brave old General, fired at this, said with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour." Dr. Johnson entered on the subject. "As men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise; which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow; but in a state of highly polished society, an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must, therefore, be re-sented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it; as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, Sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self de-

fence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self defence; to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Let it be remembered that this justification is applicable only to the person who *receives* an affront. All mankind must condemn the aggressor.

The General told us, that when he was a very young man, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a Prince of Wertemberg. The Prince took up a glass of wine, and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly, might have fixed a quarrelsome character upon the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the Prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his highness had done.

done in jest, said, "Mon Prince," in English, "That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England;" and threw a whole glass of wine in the Prince's face. An old

General who sat by, said, "*Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé*;" and thus all ended in good humour.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN sent a buck to the celebrated Judge Hale in his circuit, who was to have a cause tried before him that affize; the cause being called, and the Judge taking notice of the name, asked if it was the same person, who had presented him with a buck? And finding it to be the same, the Judge told him, "He could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck." To which the gentleman answered, "that he never sold his venison, and that he had done no more to him, than he had always done to every Judge that came the circuit; which was confirmed by several gentlemen on the bench. But all this would not prevail upon the Judge; nor would he suffer the trial to proceed till he had paid for the venison; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record, saying, "He would not try his cause before a Judge, who suspected him to be guilty of bribery by a customary civility."

Dr. Burnet.

ENIGARDUS, principal Secretary of state to Charlemagne, made his addresses to one of the Emperor's daughters, and she considering him as a person who had risen by merit, received his addresses, and gave him opportunity in winter nights to visit her in her own apartment, where their mutual affection was permanently established. Staying one night very late, at his departure they saw a great snow had fallen, which put them both into great perplexity for fear his foot should be known,

and his life be endangered, for privately visiting the King's daughter without his licence; to prevent this, she took the gentleman upon her back, and carried him the length of the court to his own lodgings without suffering him to put his foot to the ground; so that if any inquiry had been made next morning no footing would have appeared but her own: It so happened, that Charlemagne, who was industrious in public affairs, was up in his study, and seeing this witty contrivance, was in debate with himself whether he should be angry or pleased. Next day in a great appearance of the nobility, his daughter and Enigardus being present, he demanded, "what punishment that servant was liable to, who employ'd a king's daughter in the office of a mule, and made himself be carried on her back through the snow in the night, and in very sharp and piercing weather; all the Lords soon gave their opinions, that so insolent a wretch ought to suffer a severe death. The princess and the secretary were under a dreadful surprise, looked ghastly upon one another, and expected nothing else than to be dead alive. The Emperor perceiving them under a terrible consternation, smiled on his secretary, saying, "Enigardus, hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have addressed thyself to her father for his consent, in the omission of which thou hast deserved death; but to relieve you both from your flights and fears, instead of taking away one, I will give thee two lives; here,

take

take thy beautiful and kind portress to wife, fear God and love one another." How these lovers were on a sudden transported

into ecstasies of joy and happiness. I leave the reader to imagine.

Causin. Hel. Court.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXIII.

WHAT abundant thanks are due to the Redeemer for the manifestations of his tender love! How doth the assurance that his regards are universal, and his benignity to the creature he hath made, exhaustless and unbounded, smooth the bed of pain, and remove the thorn from the pillow of the dying! How dreadful, to behold a fellow creature standing upon the borders of our world, and shrinking from that leap, which, however, must inevitably, and probably with the coming moment, be taken! Impotent is every effort; no hand can rescue, and unavailing pity can only pour its fruitless lamentations. She is gone; but oh with what reluctance she relinquished life! I beheld the last breath quiver upon her lips, and I saw the agonies of her parting soul. I entered her chamber; I approached her bed; I found that the king of terrors was indeed making swift advances; the cold dews of death diffused itself over the whole expiring frame, and not a vestige of hope remained! She lifted up her languid eyes, examining, alternately, with heart affecting earnestness, the faces which surrounded her. At length, with a voice of inconceivable terror, she exclaimed, Am I dying? am I dying? Oh speak, and ease my bursting heart! She was made to understand that it was conceived she was. Oh then, she rejoined, I cannot die, I have no God, no Christ, no Saviour! Her

accents still sound terrific in my ear. I was inexpressibly shocked. For some moments she remained silent, until once more lifting up her dying eyes, she addressed herself to me: What shall I do? I have no Saviour, to whom in this tremendous moment, to make application! I took this reference for a permission to speak; it was with difficulty that I had refrained. Why, my friend, give place to such shocking apprehensions? Why conceive that you have no Saviour? Tell me, is the arm of the Lord shortened? Is his ear heavy that he cannot hear? And doth not salvation still belong to him? O yes, I know that all power indeed belongeth unto God; but I have no proof of my interest in a Redeemer, no manifestation that I am the purchase of Emmanuel's sufferings! What proof, I returned, do you require? Are you not a sinner? Were you not lost? And is not Jesus Christ the Saviour, the benign, the compassionate Redeemer of sinners? Did he not come to seek that which was lost? And shall he seek in vain? Shall he not find? Is your spirit the breath of God? And will God doom to eternal misery his own breath, especially when it has cost him so many pangs to rescue it from destruction? I am sensible, I added, that you will suspect my testimony; you have supposed me entangled, wrapped about in clouds of error. But, my dear friend, in the word of our God there can be

no deception : The declarations of Jehovah are surely worthy of all acceptation ; and his records proclaim the universality of his love, and his power ; the restitution of all things, and the wiping of every tear from off every face.

The surrounding individuals remained silent ; they were willing to let the heretic, if in her power, soothe the agonized mind of her departing friend ; nay, their countenances were descriptive of approbation ; a gleam of hope seemed also to light up the face of the dy-

ing ; but it was only the meteor of the moment, her fears returned, and despair enwrapped her soul. — Yet few persons were more worthy. In life she was useful, benevolent, and amiable. How important is an acquaintance with the great and consolatory truths of our most holy religion !

Penetrated with the goodness of my God, and wrapped in the robe of Emmanuel's righteousness, I prostrate at the feet of the Most High.

CONSTANTIA.



ALEXIS : Or, The *COTTAGE* in the *WOODS*.

(Continued from the 399th page.)

PART SECOND.

ALEXIS passes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER II.

THE LESSON OF MUSIC.

AURORA had dispelled night, and the sun began to gild the tops of the trees, a cloudless azure sky proclaimed a serene day, and soon the balmy freshness, instilled by Zephyr in the brilliant pearls of the dew, was going to yield to the ardent fires of the meridian ; all nature was beauteous and tranquil ; but the heart of Alexis was not.

Pale, trembling, bewildered, he waited the fatal doom of death ; already had he recommended himself to the mercy of the Supreme Being : Prayer, in some manner, restored the calm of his senses ; he just rose from his knees, when a gentle voice calls him ; " Alexis, are you awake ? " — " Yes," exclaimed he, " yes, I am, and prepared for all events ! " — " It is Candor," replied the voice, " he comes to open your door and to embrace you ! "

To embrace you !—Alexis was quite astonished : Was this a new snare ? Did his judgment deceive him ? He made a thousand conjectures, when Candor opens the door, enters, and is struck with the perplexity of his friend. He looks at him, lays hold of his hand, and, with such an air of penetration and truth, that Alexis cannot help listening to him, and makes him blush at his errors ; he says, " What have you, my son—what means the trouble in which I see you ?—Is it because I have kept you last night in a kind of captivity ?—My friend, you would have wronged me, not to confide in your Candor ?—I cannot believe it :—I would be ashamed to think—compose yourself, hear your father, and conquer that childish fear which cannot but grieve me.

" You were locked up last night, and every future night I must observe the same precaution, which is more essential to me than you imagine.—It ought not to alarm you, because, the whole day I shall give you

you a thousand proofs of my sincere friendship; but I insist upon your not endeavouring to penetrate into that fatal secret. It is all I cherish, it is all I possess, do not tear it from me! My Alexis, did you but know!—Deserve my confidence, be always submissive, tender, and regardful; and soon I will disclose you my condition and misfortunes. Make yourself worthy of that confession!—I will not conceal it from you; nay, I expect of you a most signal service—but a service founded upon justice and gratitude, which, if you love me, will never affect your delicacy. I am old, Alexis, I have been inhumanly betrayed; I was deprived of what I held most dear on earth. You shall be mine avenger.—You shall deserve the charming recompense, which I have destined for you; the charming recompense which will be dear to your heart!—Urge me not to say more—I conjure you, let me keep my secret for a while—one day I will deposit it in your bosom—you will know me then; but as yet, I am compelled to restrain your curiosity; I do not construe it into a crime, it is natural to your age. Every night permit me to lock you up, I beg it as a favour!—On these terms live with us, dispel all cares and anxiety, and be truly persuaded that your innocence is in no kind of danger in this solitary abode; we all cherish religion, wisdom, and virtue!”

This discourse, and the venerable appearance of the old man, rid Alexis of all perplexity. The balm of consolation descended into his heart, and serenity enlivened again his countenance. His soul was frank and honest; he communicated his foolish panic to Candor, smiled and embraced him. Cla-

ra's father was some time confused when he heard that Alexis had seen his nocturnal ceremony; but soon he recovered himself, laid hold of his arm, and both went below to Clara, who had just risen, and had as bad a night as her young friend, but from a cause of a quite opposite nature. Love, which began to enter her heart, the happiness which awaited her, and her own flattering notions, had kept her awake all night long; but it only served to add new energy to her charms; her eyes betrayed an air of languor, for which her father chid her, and she blushed with so much grace, as made Alexis quite contrite for having doubted a single minute the sincerity of that lovely child.

Soon after, Germain joined them, and they all three requested their new guest to give them a specimen of his abilities on the harpsichord. Alexis, with eager compliance, sung his romance, and the audience could not forbear shedding tears.

Clara performed after him, and though her skill was not equal in point of perfection to that of Alexis, he was enraptured with her performance, especially with a song she added to it. She had composed it during night, and the music was so sweet and melodious, as to leave Candor much in doubt of its being of her own composing.

A S O N G.

PEOPLE say that at my tender age,
The smart of love no tongue can tell,
I know it well,
And will as well
Elude his snares, and scorn his rage:
A man by fate is hither drove,
I guess he is a lovely lad,
To him I'm kind—and what of that?
Sure, sure, 'tis no such thing as love!
His presence always gladdens me,
His smiles for crowns I would not sell,

I know it well,
And foresee well,
His heart will prove as true to me.
In his eyes, with joy, I see move
The flame which within him doth burn,
To me he is kind in his turn;
Sure, sure, 'tis no such thing as love!

When Cupit's dart does wound the
breast,
The heart is sore, and never well;
I feel it well,
And roundly tell,
His malice ne'er shall steal my rest.
All feelings in me sweetness prove,
Instead of gloom I feel despair,
I am blythe like May, and light like
air—
Then sure 'tis no such thing as love!

Thus the day was spent in pleasing amusement. At night Alexis was locked up, but felt no uneasiness, and enjoyed a sound sleep.

It had been determined that Alexis should begin his lessons with Clara on the day following; he of course went to her apartment. Candor and Germain went to cultivate their garden, and did what was necessary to be done in the house, while our young master was left alone with his pupil. The reader will judge, from a sketch I shall give of this lesson, all those which Candor's daughter received afterwards. Let us enter the music room, and hear without interrupting.

Alexis. Clara, I find the song you sang yesterday very pretty; have you composed it for me?

Clara. For whom else? Is there more than one Alexis in the world?

Alexis. You are just like me: I have seen many women, yet never but one Clara.

Clara. You joke: I have no charms, no dress!—

Alexis. Dress is the result of art, charms are the gift of nature; you possess those, and join to them a soul, a heart!—

Clara. If I have a heart, I have

only perceived it two days since; when I saw you, it is quite natural.

Alexis. What, did it never beat for your father?

Clara. Yes, it did, but that is a quite different sensation!—Now I will ask him to explain me those two sentiments.

Alexis. Will you ask your father?

Clara. Yes, I will. Why should I conceal from him what I feel? I want no other confidant than him! Now mind, Alexis, when we walk or repose together in the grove, or say a hundred times a day, we love one another, I tell him our conversation every night.

Alexis. Ah heaven! take care!

Clara. What makes you be so much surprised? my father is very glad to see me content; if I am pleased with you, why should he be angry?

Alexis. Did he never enter into any discourse with you about love?

Clara. Yes, that he did, and very often too! He told me a hundred times that love is a fatal passion, which confounds reason and sense, and makes people jealous, uneasy, raving!—Oh! you cannot imagine how he forbade me to give way to that cruel sentiment.

Alexis. Well, Clara, do you think he will approve of ours?

Clara. Of ours!—you are mistaken: It is not love I feel for you. I feel nothing of what my father hath told me! Oh! I should be very sorry if ever I did.

Alexis. What innocence! O my Clara; preserve then that pure sentiment, and always be upon your guard of not falling in love, or at least if you do, don't discover it to Candor!

Clara. Nay, Alexis, I shall like you no more, if you hinder me from placing my confidence in so respectable

able a father!—He shall always know not only the most secret thoughts of my heart, but I will even communicate them to his old friend Germain.

Alexis. Oh! oh! to all the world, if you please!—Clara, Clara, how unhappy should I be, if—

Clara. Only see! you take the alarm at every thing!—Well, let us drop that subject, and take lesson!—

Alexis. You do not understand me!—Did you but know people—

Clara. People! my father is not people!—

Alexis. He certainly is so kind, so generous!—But pray do you know his misfortunes?

Clara. No, but Germain does.

Alexis. Have you known your mother?

Clara. Yes; oh how she loved me!—how I loved her!

Alexis. What is become of her?

Clara. I can't tell. I was brought up in a convent till I was eight years old; my mother came often to see me! During the latter part of my stay, I could hear no more of her, and my father made me come hither, where he since told me a hundred times, that his spouse and son (my brother whom I never saw) were both near us; that he saw them every day, and I should see and embrace them too when I should be a few years older. They must be very unfortunate too, because Candor and Germain never speak of them without tears.

Alexis. Did you never ask any farther questions?

Clara. It is my father's secret, and I respected it too much, to force it from him—yet I know that he goes every night into the cave below and takes Germain with him: There they remain about an hour, and then return to their apartment.

Vol. VI.

They fix every year, a certain day, on which they perform a kind of ceremony, quite strange to me, at the bottom of the great poplar, in the garden. I could never follow them, because every night I am locked up, like you.

Alexis. This very ceremony frightened me much the other night.—I can guess part of his misfortunes.—Alas! his son, his spouse, fell victims to treachery.

Clara. Do you believe they are dead?

Alexis. Can you doubt it?

Clara. Why, I am to see them one day—what can that be?

Alexis. In me he shall find an avenger!—I will espouse his cause, he shall know his Alexis.

Clara. Ah, my sweet friend! he loves you!

Alexis. He is a wonderful father.

Clara. He told me already:—My daughter, if your heart is to feel, if you are to love, place your affections in Alexis, who, I believe, is worthy of you: But let him deserve you first. Be the recompense of the great service I expect him to do me. If he loves you, he will accomplish all my wishes.

Alexis. O heaven! did he say this?

Clara. They are his very words: don't you think it would be horrible to betray his confidence?

Alexis. Ah, what a man!—Let us love each other, my dear creature, let us love, and may a father, by his blessing, rivet bands as sacred as those in which we might be joined before the altar, did our mansion not deny us that sacred ceremony.

The whole time allotted for the lesson was almost spent in amorous topics and confidences. But Alexis, anxious for the progress of his pupil, was more ready afterwards,

wards, and Clara, in a little time, became a real adept in music and drawing; she got even proficient

in the abstract sciences, such as the mathematics, physic, and astronomy. *(To be continued.)*

ANECDOTES of Sir THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN Sir Thomas Moore was first made a privy counsellor, he opposed a motion at the board made by Cardinal Wolsey, which all the rest of the council assented to; upon which the Cardinal in great passion said, "are not you ashamed, being the meanest person here, to dissent from the opinion of so many wise and honourable persons? certainly you prove yourself a great fool for your pains." To which Sir Thomas replied, "Thanks be to God, I rejoice to hear that the King has but one fool in his Right Honourable Privy Council."

When he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman should pay a large sum of money to a poor widow he had

wronged, to whom the gentleman said, "then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it in;" "I grant your motion," said the Chancellor, Monday next is St. Barnabas day, which is the longest day in the year, pay it the widow that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

His lady, though an excellent house wife, was too much given to chiding the servants for trivial offences, for which he often greatly reproved her; and one day coming from confession, she said to her husband, "Be merry, Sir Thomas, for this day I have disburthened my conscience, and will leave my old shrewishness"—yes, says Sir Thomas, and begin anew.

Vita Tho. Mor.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXVII.

Indulgent Nature yields that plastic glow,
From which unnumber'd soft endearments flow;
About the heart her kindred ties she flings,
And closely twines the sympathetic strings;
Her silver cord with touch magnetic draws,
Reflection all her mellowing powers employs;
Motives for amity her fingers trace,
Blest linaments—which few can e'er efface.

THE multifarious ligaments which bind families together, being the handy work of nature, and essentially or closely interwoven with our existence, that shock must be indeed violent, that can burst them asunder. It is true that a long continued series of disobligation may obscure the vivid glow of

those images, which nature and habit have impressed upon the intellect. Unkindness is the opaque body, which intercepts the sunny beams of luminous, and inborn tenderness; but the eclipse is seldom total, and the cheering influence of affection, is frequently invigorated, and often becomes the more transcendent,

scendent, for the momentary obstruction, by which it seemed well near enveloped. Surely that heart must be strangely deficient, which the pleasing sensations, that are attendant upon the first stage of being, hath not indelibly impressed; and, that mind is unwarrantably implacable, which, intrenched by inexorable inflexibility, is incapable of being roused to the tenderness of recollection; which is not softened by the remonstrances of nature, furnished with arguments, drawn from a series of endearing, and substantially beneficial proofs, of a generous attachment. Yet I know that there are a variety of combustibles, which although perhaps not radically natives of the human soil, having, however, obtained a growth therein, and once taking fire, it is difficult to say where the conflagration may end. I am aware that there are injuries which pride and self estimation, consider as unpardonable. It is a melancholy truth that there are obdurate hearts, and, it may be, that the strong winds of passion may obliterate, or uproot from the bosom, every proper sensation of the soul. Yet, granting that the empoisoned plant may become rampant in the racourous breast, the Gleaner, while engaged in the routine of his profession, hath at no moment bound himself to select the noxious weed; he confesses that he is fond of culling the flowers of humanity, and with these, as often as may be, he is solicitous to furnish and adorn his page.

To the well regulated mind, the contemplation of family harmony is inexpressibly pleasing. The philanthropic speculator views the little society unalterably attached, bound together by the strong cords of mutual affection, and rising superior to the adverse influence of

separate, or selfish claims, as a miniature of that vast family of man, which futurity shall see collected under the protecting auspices of a benignant and paternal God. Order, unbroken confidence, celestial tenderness, energetic love; in this vast assembly, these shall all triumphantly officiate. Peaceful angels shall hover round; discord shall find no entrance there; offences shall be no more; but truth, sky robed innocence, unimpeached integrity, unblemished virtue, and undeviating holiness, shall be established, *from everlasting to everlasting, and of their dominion there shall be no end.* Yes, it is pleasing to trace the striking resemblance which is exemplified in the animated sketch. Mild, affectionate, and *judiciously* indulgent parents; duteous, and confident sons, and daughters, mutually complacent, and unequivocally attached brothers and sisters. The royal bard of Israel, strikingly, feelingly, and poetically delineates the family of love, "Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"—well might the sacred poet summon the aid of a splendid fancy, and arrest the most expressive figures to image the fine effects, and pleasing utility of domestic complacency; the rich perfumes which consecrated the anointed priest of the Hebrew tribes, the fertilizing dew descending upon Hermon's verdant summit, and resting with genial influence upon the adjacent eminence; these but shadow forth the sublimity of that union, upon which our God hath commanded a blessing, which originates a dignified and blissful immortality. Yes, it is pleasing to trace the striking resemblance which is exemplified in the animated sketch. The contemplation of domestic harmony soothes and elevates the

the mind, and although it is undeniably true, that the philosopher will extend his regards from the little group which constitutes his relative circle, to friends, to country, to the universe at large, until he commences a citizen of the domain of heaven ; yet he will not refuse to acknowledge those ardors, those hopes, and those fears, which upon his opening mind, in the white winged hours that marked his dawn of being, were, by the strong hand of nature, irreversibly engraved,

Affection is very properly said to descend, and it is generally true, that while we venerate with pious duty the authors of our being, while our hearts are warmed for them by inmingling love, and reverence, we are in the same moment impelled to acknowledge for our offspring, augmented and more energetic tenderness. Doubtless nature hath implanted these superior and irresistible sensations, for the purpose of nerving our efforts for the preservation, and cultivation of the infant candidate for our favour ; but the fact is indubitable, in whatever wise regulations it may have originated. Family ties, of every description, are variously respectable, and variously estimable, in their various departments. I was lately a silent attendant upon a disquisition, which aimed at deciding what relative character deserved the preference—the investigation was rather curious than important ; but it served, however, to amuse, during a vacant hour, which might have been worse appropriated. The attachment of a well informed and tender father, to an amiable, and grateful daughter, has been said to resemble that which is experienced by a guardian angel, to the being who is committed to his charge—

tender, delicate, and divested of all that can debase, the paternal eye regards with immeasurable complacency, his beauteous, his dependant child ; and the finest feelings of his soul become embodied. To protect her from every ill he is sedulously attentive ; his judicious cautions hover round her inexperienced steps ; his protecting arm would present the invulnerable shield ; and his auspices are those of wisdom. Ever vigilant, ever upon his guard, to save her, even from the imputation of dishonour, he would consider his life as a comparatively trivial sacrifice. It is true that he is impassioned, but his ardours are those of virtue ; his affections are pure, innocent, laudable, elevated, and refined ; originating in nature, originating in God, they will be perfected in heaven. All this is irrefragably just, and yet I take leave to observe, that the *fraternal* department, when filled by a good and virtuous mind, more exactly answers the ideas which I have indulged, of that attendant cherub, ordained to tread with holy vigils, the destined path of the expecting voyager. In contemplating the character of a father, however beneficial its offices, we can hardly forbear recollecting, that having produced the being which is cherished, the consequent attachment may be the result of that *selfish principle* which so universally, more or less, actuates the human mind ; and, it is undeniably true, that the operation of a *selfish principle* essentially diminishes the lustre of the most beneficial and exemplary action. A brother, it hath been divinely observed, is born for adversity ; a gentle and confiding female can hardly boast a more agreeable, or *disinterested* relation ; the general arrangements of nature, authorizes a hope, that his protection

protection will continue coeval with her mortal career, and if he fulfills the duties of the fraternal name, he will still continue a natural, patronizing, and consolatory resource. What eye is not charmed by a view of the marked, and delicate attention, which is paid by an elegant young man, to the gentle and accomplished maiden, who is the daughter of his father and of his mother. Grant that opportunities of this kind are extremely rare, the sensations derived therefrom, are nevertheless pleasing in a superior degree. The attachment of a brother to a sister, if it is genuine and sincere, if it corresponds with the designation of unadulterated and upright nature, partakes the exquisite delicacies and refinements of love, devoid of its tumultuous caprices, or interested and ungovernable fervors; with a conscious glow of ineffable satisfaction it yields that protection, to which nature and education combine to give the sex a claim; it is not flinted in its regards, it is tender, elevated, and refined; it is generous and communicable; it is sympathetic and permanent. A true brother unites the duties of the *paternal*, with the more equal, sweet, and social pleasures of the *fraternal* intercourse; the heart of a brother hesitates not to acknowledge the bland, endearing, and indissoluble ties of amity. A true brother is at all times a guardian friend; he rejoiceth in his fraternity, and, I repeat, that his attachment may claim kindred with those sentiments, which may be supposed to actuate the tenderly watchful seraph, who commissioned by the high court of heaven, enters with the first moment of our existence upon his trust, and fulfils his celestial mission, by attending thro' every stage of life, his progressing charge.

Richardson exhibits the character, proper to a brother, in the most vivid and glowing hues; but if his Gradison originated not in fiction, the portrait doubtless owes many embellishments to the incomparable pen of that inimitable writer. It is a melancholy fact, that eminent virtue, of whatever description, is a gem that the hand of nature, however indulgent, hath too seldom produced. Yet, for the honour of humanity I cannot deny myself the gratification of affirming, that I at this moment contemplate, with sublime pleasure, the character of a gentleman, with whom I am personally acquainted, who is entitled to rank in the same grade with Richardson's finely imagined brother. I am not authorized to name the benevolent example, that I feel myself, nevertheless, impelled to produce. The emblazoning voice of fame might probably tinge his cheek with the hue of disapprobation. It is true, that genuine merit "*does good by stealth, and blushing finds it fame*;" but if, while sketching the outlines of a character so admirable, its singularity should induce the finger of perception to point out the man, the Gleaner flatters himself that he shall not be made responsible, for a consequence so natural; that his solicitude to please, by an exhibition of transcendent excellence, will apologize for the freedom of his pen, and that this, his motive, may obtain his pardon for presenting to the public eye, a man, whose name, to borrow a metaphor, "deserves to be written by the rays of the sun on the surface of the heavens."

Reader, on the faith of my veracity, I pledge unto thee my sacred word of honour, that I am not presenting thee with the hero of a romance, that I hold not the
pen

pen of the novelist in the sketch which I am about to attempt ; and that *truth* and not *fancy* is the motto of the present page.

Fraternus received his birth in a small town within the jurisdiction of the state of Massachusetts ; a clergyman, dignified by the integrity of his heart, the clearness of his understanding, and the humane and indulgent liberality of his sentiments, was the author of his being. His mother, superior to the generality of women, hath contributed much to the emolument, and elevation of her family ; she possesses a mind capacious and highly cultivated ; few persons can express themselves with more elegance, precision, or fluency, upon any subject : her language is the language of propriety, and she adds a grace to every sentiment which she utters ; the candour and openness of her disposition, is equalled only by that frankness, which is conspicuous in the manners, and gentlemanlike deport, of her venerable coadjutor in the voyage of life. Such were, such are, for they still live to witness the salutary effects of efforts dictated by the principles of propriety, the parents of Fraternus.

They have reared to maturity a numerous family of sons and daughters ; they have wept over the untimely grave of one gentle, and uncommonly meritorious child ; she was truly amiable in her life ; she was rendered exemplary through a long period of sufferings, and she continued, during the hour of her emancipation, divinely tranquil.— Yet they have swelled no murmuring sigh ; with holy resignation they have submitted to the decrees of heaven ; nor have they, in any instance, violated the honour of that sacred function, which the father of Fraternus hath been called to fill ;

they have supported with uniform propriety the Christian and sacerdotal characters, and they are in possession of that applause, which should invariably attend the benevolent and the good. Regularity hath presided in their family ; each morning hath still been ushered in, by the devout breathings of their cheerfully solemnized spirits, and the return of sober suited evening, hath witnessed their grateful and pious orisons. Well have they discharged the various duties of humanity, and their leisure hours have been uniformly devoted to the cultivation of the minds of those children, whom they have designed useful and ornamental members of the community.

Thus educated, and thus fashioned by the hands of polished rectitude, thus formed to virtue, Fraternus embarked, at an early age, upon that vast ocean of contingencies, on which the busy sons of commerce, if not arrested by the pointed rock, or treacherous sands, are rapid borne. Integrity is not always hereditary, but Fraternus joined to the instructions which were sealed upon his youthful bosom, an innate probity, and great benevolence of soul. His first onset was happy ; his early engagements threw open the road to wealth ; his enterprises have generally been successful, and he now ranks among the most opulent description of merchants, in a certain celebrated emporium. A citizen of the world, his brethren in every line, according to their several exigencies, and his abilities, have experienced his beneficence, but his extensive family, of whom he is justly considered the pride, and the ornament, derives from his good fortune the most important advantages. One amiable sister shall suffice

as an example of the arrangements, which he has established, relative to those of his blood.

This lady joins to a pleasing exterior, great vivacity, exquisite sensibility, and genuine goodness of heart. United to the man of her choice, for many years she continued an ornament to the married state; but he to whom fate had yielded her hand, possessing all the eccentricities of original genius, neglected to employ his superior talents, in making that provision for a rapidly increasing family, that prudence invariably directs; and the sister of Fraternus saw herself at the age of thirty six, the widowed mother of four sons and three daughters. She possessed not a shilling of property, and the state of insolvency upon which she was precipitated, became to her upright spirit, a source of inexpressible regret. Here was an ample field for the exercise of those virtues which Fraternus so eminently possessed. In the solacing offices of benignity he engaged with ardour, and his arrangements more than answered the most sanguine expectations, to which his well known munificence had given birth. His sister has not been degraded from her rank as mistress of a family; her children and domestics are continued about her exactly in the wonted train; not only the necessities, but even the elegances of life are *liberally* bestowed; and, lest she should have a real or a fancied want unsupplied, delicate pretences are ingeniously furnished, to place in her hands generous sums, for which the only compensation that is required is her *silent* acceptance. There is but one point that Fraternus has been known to contend with his sister: As she has no request to make, he is induced to suspect a want of that un-

bounded confidence in his affection, which he has been solicitous to authorize. But what is left for her to ask, whose wishes have, in every instance, been regularly prevented or anticipated? Fraternus enters into all those exquisitely tender sensations which make up the aggregate of the maternal feelings. Various friends would have severally appropriated the children of his Adelaide; but with a delicacy almost unexampled, without referring to her the invidious task of objecting, he humanely interposed his caveat—"It will be best, my love, that thy children should remain with thee; nature hath ordained thee their revered mistresses, their tenderly interested guide; and since the demise of their father, complicated duties have devolved upon thee: We will watch their various propensities, and the simple and unadulterated indications of their opening minds, shall point their future destination."—Mean time no attention is wanting; the best of schools are provided; the girls will figure with the most accomplished females, and the sacred walls of Harvard, or the more busy scenes of commercial life, as unerring nature shall direct, are destined to complete the education of the boys. Yet Fraternus has a young and increasing family of his own; but his Lydia is the counterpart of himself, she seconds, in every instance, his benignant plans, and, systematical in the exercise of that well judged economy, without which even a princely fortune might soon be reduced, she thus enables Fraternus to pursue the generous purposes of his munificent heart.

Liberal minded and amiable pair, may the first of blessings be yours; may your offspring imitate your virtues; may you still enjoy

joy the felicity of bestowing competency ; may you never lose that zest for Godlike pleasures which you so eminently possess ; and may your

means of communicating good be continued coeval with the latest period of your existence.

CLAUDINE: A SWISS TALE.

[From the French of M. de FLORIAN.]

(Concluded from the 433d page.)

"CLAUDINE, surprised to find any one who did not despise her, kissed his hands without saying a word. He spoke to her in the most friendly manner, and inquired after his good brother the curate : He dwelt with pleasure on the good deeds of that worthy man, and observed, that one of the most pleasing duties of their ministry was to console the unhappy, and heal the broken-hearted. Claudine listened with respectful gratitude, he appeared to her as an angel sent from heaven to comfort her. After supper she retired to bed in a calmer state of mind, and if she did not sleep, she at least rested.

"On the morrow, the good curate searched through Salenches for a little chamber where Claudine might lie in. An old woman, called Madam Felix, offered an apartment, and promised secrecy. Claudine repaired thither in the evening, the curate paid three months rent in advance, the old Lady passed her for a niece lately married at Chambery, and every thing was settled. Indeed it was high time ; for the fatiguing journey, and the agitation of mind that Claudine had sustained, brought on her labour pains that very evening ; although only seven months gone with child, she produced a boy beautiful as the day, whom Mad-

am Felix caused to be baptized by the name of Benjamin.

"The curate was desirous of immediately putting the child out to nurse, but Claudine declared with tears in her eyes, that she would rather die than be separated from Benjamin : She was allowed to keep him for the first few days, and at the end of these days her maternal fondness had increased. The curate reasoned with her ; represented to her, that such conduct deprived her of all hopes of ever returning to Chamouny, or of being reconciled to her father. Claudine's only answer was to embrace Benjamin. The time slipped on, Claudine nursed her child, and remained with Madam Felix, who loved her with all her heart.

"The fifty crowns from her father, and the little money Nannette had put into her bundle, had hitherto paid her expenses. Nannette did not dare to come to see her, but she sent her all she could spare, and thus Claudine wanted for nothing. She employed her time in learning to read and write of the old lady, who had formerly kept a school at Bonville, and in taking care of Benjamin. Claudine was not unhappy, and little Benjamin grew charming. But such happiness could not last. One morning the Curate of Salenches came to pay her a visit.

"My

"My dear girl," said he, "when I received you under my protection, when I covered your faults with the mantle of charity, my design was to take care of your child, to enable him to gain his bread; and I hoped, during that interval, to have appeased the anger of your father; to have prevailed with him to receive you once more into his house, where your repentance, your modesty, your love of virtue, and of labour, might gradually have induced him to forget the distresses of which you had been the source. But this plan you have yourself opposed. With what eyes could Simon look upon this child? He must necessarily remain a lasting monument of your misconduct and disgrace. I can discern by your eyes that your choice is made; but you ought to consider that you cannot always remain with this good woman, whose circumstances, however desirous she might be of befriending you, render it impossible. The money that Nanette sends you, is taken from the support of herself and family. Nanette labours the ground while you caress Benjamin, and Nanette has been guilty of no fault. You have but one resource, which is, to go into service either at Geneva or Chambery; but I doubt whether without separating from your child, you would easily find a place. I allow you two days to reflect coolly on these matters. You will then inform me of your determination, and, depend on it, I will do every thing in my power to assist you." Claudine was sensible of the truth of all the curate had said, but she found it impossible for her to live without Benjamin. After passing a day and a night in reflecting on what she ought to do, she at last resolved, and after writing a letter

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to the curate, acknowledging all his kindness, which she left on her table, she made a bundle of her clothes, tied up twenty crowns which still remained in a handkerchief, and taking Benjamin in her arms, she departed from Salanches.

"She took the road to Geneva, and slept that night at Bonville; for on account of little Benjamin, she could not travel far. The second day she arrived at Geneva. Her first care was to sell all her female attire, and provide herself with a suit of man's clothes: She even sold her fine black hair, and bought a knapsack, into which she put her clothes. She fastened the ring, which she had always hitherto worn on her finger, round her neck. Thus clad like a young Savoyard, with a stout stick in her hand, her knapsack on her back, atop of which, Benjamin was seated, clasping his hands round her neck, she set out from Geneva on the road to Turin.

"She was twelve days in crossing the mountains, and people were so much pleased with the air and appearance of this handsome little Savoyard, and of the child whom she carried on her back, and called her little brother, that she was hardly allowed to pay any thing, but commonly discharged her reckoning by amusing the company with some of the little beautiful songs peculiar to her country; so that when Claudine arrived at Turin, she had still some of her money left, with which she hired a little garret, bought a brush and blacking, and followed by little Benjamin, who never left her, she set up a little stall for blacking shoes, in the Palais Royal, under the name of Claude.

"During the first days she gained but little, because she was awkward,

ward,

ward, and took a good deal of time to gain a penny ; but she soon became expert, and the work went on well. Claude, intelligent, active, alert, ran all the errands of the quarter. Benjamin, during her absence, sat upon and guarded the stool. If there was a letter to be carried, a box to be removed, or bottles to be conveyed to the cellar, Claude was called in preference to any other. She was the confidant and assistant of all the lazy servants in the neighbourhood, and in the evening often carried home a crown as the gains of the day. This was fully sufficient to support her and Benjamin, who every day increased in stature and in beauty, and became the favourite of all the neighbourhood.

" This happy life had lasted for more than two years, when one day Claudine and her son being busy arranging their little stall, with their heads bent towards the ground, they saw a foot appear upon the stool. Claudine took her brush, and without looking at the master of the shoe, immediately began her operation. When the most difficult part was done, she raised her head.—The brush fell from her hands, she remained immovable ; it was Mr. Belton whom she beheld. Little Benjamin, who was not at all affected, took up the brush, and with a feeble hand attempted to finish the work of Claudine, who still remained motionless, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Belton. Mr. Belton asked Claudine, with some surprise, why she stopped, and smiled at the efforts of the child, whose figure pleased him. Claudine recovering her spirits, excused herself to Mr. Belton with so sweet a voice, and such well chosen words, that the Englishman, still more surprized, asked Claudine several ques-

tions about her country and situation. Claudine answered, with a calm air, that she and her brother were two orphans who gained their bread by the employment which he saw, and that they were from the valley of Chamouny. This name struck Mr. Belton, and looking attentively at Claudine, he thought he recognised her features, and inquired her name. " I am called Claude," said she.—" And you are from Chamouny ?" " Yes, Sir, from the village of Prieure."—" Have you no other brother ?"—" No, Sir, only Benjamin."—" Nor any sister ?"—" Pardon me, Sir ?"—" What is her name ?"—" Claudine."—" Claudine ! and where is she ?"—" Oh, I do not know, indeed, Sir."—" How can you be ignorant of that ?"—" For many reasons, Sir, which cannot interest you, and which it would make me weep to tell." Claudine, with the tears starting in her eyes, told him she had done. Mr. Belton, who did not go away, put his hand into his pocket, and gave her a guinea. " I cannot change you," said Claudine.—" Keep the whole," said the Englishman, " and tell me, would you be sorry to quit your present employment, and accept of a good place ?"—" That cannot be, Sir."—" Why not ?"—" Because nothing in the world would make me quit my brother."—" But suppose he were to accompany you ?"—" That would be another matter."—" Well, Claude, you shall be with me ; I will take you into my service, you will be very happy in my house, and your brother shall accompany you."—" Sir, answered Claudine, a little embarrassed, " favour me with your address, and I will call upon you tomorrow."—Mr. Belton gave it her, and bade her not fail to come.

" It

"It was well for Claudine that the conversation now terminated, for her tears almost suffocated her; she hastened to her chamber, and there shut herself up to reflect on what she ought to do. Her inclination and her affection for Benjamin prompted her to enter into the service of Mr. Belton; but his past treachery, and the promise she had made to the curate of Salenches, never to do any thing which might endanger her virtue, made her hesitate: But the welfare of Benjamin preponderated; she resolved to go to Mr. Belton, to serve him faithfully, to make him cherish his son, but never to tell him who she was.

"This point being settled, the next morning she waited on Mr. Belton, who agreed to give her good wages, and ordered her and her brother clothes immediately. Mr. Belton now wished to renew the conversation of yesterday, and to inquire further concerning her sister. But Claudine interrupted him.—
"Sir," said she, "my sister is no more: She is dead of misery, chagrin, and repentance. All our family have lamented her unhappy end; and those who are not our relations, have no right to renew such melancholy reflections." Mr. Belton, more than ever astonished at the spirit of Claude, desisted from further inquiry; but he conceived a high esteem and a sincere friendship for this extraordinary young man.

"Claude soon became the favourite of his master; and Benjamin, towards whom Mr. Belton found himself attached by an irresistible impulse, was for ever in his chamber. The amiable child, as if conscious that he owed his existence to Mr. Belton, loved him nearly as well as Claudine; and he told him so with such sweet innocence and simplicity, that the Englishman could not do

without Benjamin. Claudine wept for joy, but she concealed her tears. But the dissipation of Mr. Belton afflicted the heart of Claudine, and made her fear that the hour of discovery would never arrive.

"By the death of his parents, Mr. Belton had, at the age of nineteen, been left master of a very large fortune, which he had hitherto employed in wandering over Italy, stopping wherever he found it agreeable to him, that is, wherever he met with agreeable women whom he could deceive and ruin. A lady of the court of Turin, rather advanced in life, but still beautiful, was his present mistress: She was lively, passionate, and very jealous of Mr. Belton. She required that he should sup with her every evening, and write to her every morning. The Englishman did not dare to refuse. Notwithstanding all this, they had many quarrels: For the smallest cause she would weep, tear her hair, seize a knife, and play a thousand fooleries, which begun to tire Mr. Belton. Claude saw and felt all this, but she suffered in silence. Mr. Belton gave her every day fresh marks of confidence, and often complained to her of the unpleasant life he led. Claude now and then risked a little advice, half joke and half serious, which Mr. Belton heard with approbation, and promised to follow tomorrow; but when tomorrow came, Mr. Belton returned to the lady, more from habit than inclination; and Claude, who wept in private, affected to smile, while she accompanied her master.

"At length there arose so violent a quarrel between the Englishman and the marquise, that he resolved never again to go near her; and in order to prevent it, connected himself with another lady of the same place.

place, no better than the former. In this change, Claudine saw only a new subject of affliction. All that she had done was to begin again; but she resigned herself to it without complaining, and continued to serve her master with the same fidelity as ever. But the marquise was not of a disposition so easily to yield up the heart of her English lover. She had him watched, and soon discovered her rival; she exhausted every stratagem of intrigue to make him return; but in vain. The Englishman did not answer her letters, refused her appointments, and ridiculed her threats.—The marquise, now in despair, thought only of revenge.

“One day, when Mr. Belton, followed by Claudine, was as usual, coming out of the house of his new mistress about two o'clock in the morning, and, already displeased with her, was telling his faithful Claudine that he had thoughts of setting out immediately for London, suddenly four desperadoes fell with poniards on Mr. Belton, who had hardly time to throw himself against the wall with his sword in his hand. Claudine, on sight of the assassins, sprang before her master, and received in her bosom the stroke of a poniard aimed at Mr. Belton: She instantly fell. The Englishman set furiously on the man who had wounded her, and soon stretched him on the pavement; and the three others finding themselves furiously attacked, quickly fled. Mr. Belton did not pursue them; he returned to his domestic, raised him, embraced him, and called on him with tears; but Claudine did not answer, for she had fainted. Mr. Belton took her in his arms, carried her to his house, and laid her in his own bed, while others at his desire ran for a surgeon. Mr. Belton,

impatient to see the nature of the wound, unbuttoned Claudine's vest, drew aside the shirt covered with blood, looked, and beheld with astonishment, the bosom of a woman.

“During this, the surgeon arrives, and examines the wound, which he declares not to be mortal, as the weapon had struck against the bone. The wound is dressed, and stimulatives applied, but still Claudine does not recover. Mr. Belton, who supported her head, perceives a ribbon round her neck; he pulls it and discovers a ring. It is his own; the same that he had left on Montanverd to the beautiful shepherdess whom he so cruelly abandoned. Every thing is at once evident. He sends for a nurse, who undresses Claudine, and lays her in her own bed; and the poor girl at length recovering her senses, throws her eyes around, and sees with astonishment, the nurse, the surgeon, her master, and Benjamin, who, awaked by all this noise, had risen, and run half naked to his brother, whom he embraced with tears.

“Claudine immediately endeavoured to console Benjamin; then calling to mind what had happened, seeing herself in a bed, and reflecting with inquietude that she had been undressed, she quickly put her hand to the ribbon which held her ring. Mr. Belton, who watched her, saw in her looks the pleasure with which she found it was still there. He then made every body leave the room, knelt down by the side of the bed, and taking the hand of Claudine,—“Do not be alarmed,” said he, “my sweet friend; I know every thing, and it is for the happiness of us both. You are Claudine, and I am a monster. There is but one way that I can cease to be so, and

and that depends upon you. I owe you my life, and I wish to owe my honour to you, for it is I who have lost it, not you. Your wound is not dangerous ; and as soon as you can go out, you shall bestow on me the name of husband, and pardon me a crime which I am far from pardoning myself. I have long strayed from the paths of virtue, Claudine ; but they will be the more agreeable when I am restored to them by you." Imagine the surprise, the joy, the transports of Claudine. She would have spoke, but her tears prevented her. She then perceived little Benjamin, who had been turned out with the rest, and who, anxious about his brother, had softly opened the door and thrust in his pretty face to see what was going forwards. Claudine shewed him to Mr. Belton, saying, "There is your son, he will answer you better than I can." He flew ; Benjamin covered him with kisses, and carrying him to his mother, he passed the remainder of the night between his wife and his child with a satisfaction of mind to which he had long been a stranger.

"In fifteen days Claudine was well. She had informed Mr. Belton of all that had happened to her. This endeared her to the Englishman, who was now fonder of her than the first time he saw her. Claudine, now dressed as a woman, but with great plainness, entered the coach of the Englishman with Benjamin, and all three went straight to Salenches, to the house of the curate. The good man did not at first know Claudine ; but at length recollecting her, he ran to old Madam Felix, who was still alive, and who almost died of joy when she beheld Claudine and Benjamin. The next day they set out for Chamouny, where Mr. Belton, who was a cath-

olic, wished that the marriage might be publicly solemnized in the parish church of Prieure.

"In the evening, the curate of Salenches was sent to demand the hand of his daughter, of the terrible M. Simon. The old man received him with great gravity, heard him without testifying any joy, and gave his consent in very few words. Claudine came to throw herself at his feet ; he allowed her to remain a few seconds, raised her without a smile, and saluted Mr. Belton with great coolness. The good Nanette laughed and cried at the same time. On the road to church, she carried Benjamin on one hand, and held her sister with the other : The two curates walked before, and old Madam Felix behind with M. Simon ; all the children of the village followed singing songs.

"In this order they reached the church, where the ceremony was performed by the curate of Salenches. Mr. Belton had tables covered on the banks of the Arva, where every guest was welcome, and the whole village danced during eight days. He bought some good estates for old M. Simon, but he refused to accept of them. Nanette was not so impracticable. She accepted of an estate, and a handsome house which Mr. Belton gave her, and is now the richest and the happiest woman in the parish. Mr. and Mrs. Belton went away in about a month, carrying with them the benedictions of every body. They are now at London, where I understand Benjamin has five or six brothers and sisters.

"Such is their history ; which I could not shorten because I tried to tell it you in the words of the curate, whom I have often heard repeat it. If it has not pleased you, you will excuse me."

I thanked Francis Paccard, assuring him that his tale had interested me much. I descended from Montanverd, with my head full of Claudine; and during my return

to Geneva, I wrote this story* as Paccard had told it me, without trying to correct the many faults of style which the critics will no doubt discover in it.



The PARSON: An ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN *divine* in one of the *West-India* islands, collateral perhaps in point of consanguinity with the celebrated *Sphintext*, read the psalm one Sunday, and sat down, as usual, while it was sung. Whether unmindful of his sacred function, or overplied by the labours of the day, the legend sayeth not; but, while his devotional hallelujah choir was paying a tribute to the *Sovereign of all*, the charitable *parson* threw in his mite to the *Morpbean god*.

The musick at length was finished, and the people were waiting for the word, while the venerable *dispenser* was in a sound sleep. As soon as the *deacons* observed the sad catastrophe, one of them turned to the parson, and with an audible voice said to him, *it is out*, (meaning the psalm.) *Is it?* said the parson, half waking—*well, fill it up again, and charge it to Jim Bowers.*

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A N E C D O T E.

A N English Nobleman once asked Dr. Johnson, what was become of the gallantry and military spirit of the old Eng-

lish nobility? He replied, why my Lord, I'll tell you what is become of it; it is gone into the city to look for a fortune.



A D E L I S A : A T A L E.

[By Mr. CUMBERLAND.]

A DELISA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment that genius or education could bestow, was withal so unsupportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart, which suffered itself to be attracted by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few upon whom she thought fit to practice them had ever found resolution to resist their power. Of all the victims of her

vanity, Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph; he was, indeed, a conquest to boast of, for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and for a time made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex, as she raised contributions upon his: Her better star at length prevailed; she beheld Leander at her feet, and though her victory was accomplished at the expense of more tender glances than she had ever bestowed upon

upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory which only piqued Adelisa to render his slavery the more intolerable for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it. After she had trifled with him, and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men who had envied his success, and every woman who resented his neglect, Adelisa, avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them, which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too closely about his heart, and love had rivetted them too securely, for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment, to throw them off; he continued to love, to hate, to execrate, and adore her. His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight; this was a measure of absolute necessity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune however befriended him in the very moment of despair, for no sooner was he out of sight, than the coquetish Adelisa found something wanting which had been so familiar to her, that Leander, though despised when possessed, when lost was regretted. In vain she culled her numerous admirers for some one to replace him; continually peevish and discontented,

Adelisa became so intolerable to her lovers, that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion. What was to be done?—Her danger was alarming, it was imminent:—She determined to recal Leander:—She informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of a rencontre; but he avoided her:—Chance brought them to an interview, and she began by rallying him for his apostacy: There was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry that she could not thoroughly conceal, and which he did not fail to discover. He instantly determined upon the very wisest measure which deliberation could have formed; and he combated her with her own weapons! He put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her; she had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest as well as the most hazardous she had ever undertaken: She attempted to throw him off his guard by a pretended pity for his past sufferings and a promise of a kinder usage for the future.

He denied that he had suffered any thing, and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times.—“Then it is plain,” replied she, “that you never thought of me as a wife, for such humours must be insupportable to a husband.”—“Pardon me,” cried Leander, “if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage, I must be in one of those very humours myself: Defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life! What can be so insipid as the tame strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated?—Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of,

of, let me at least find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to."—"Upon my word," exclaimed Adelisa, "you would almost persuade me we were destined for each other."—This, she accompanied with one of those looks, in which she was most expert, and which was calculated at once to inspire and betray insensibility. Leander, not yet so certain of his observations as to confide in them, seemed to receive this overture as raillery, and affecting a laugh, replied—I do not think it is in the power of destiny herself to determine either of us; for if you was for one moment in the humour to promise yourself to me, I am certain in the next you would retract it; and if I was fool enough to believe you, I should well deserve to be punished for my credulity:—Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body else; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmless experiment of the little faith I put in all such promises, here is my hand: It is fit the proposal should spring from my quarter, and not your's; close with it as soon as you please, and laugh at me as much as you please, if I vent one murmur when you break the bargain.—"Well then," said Adelisa, "to punish you for the fau- ciness of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do not credit you for this pretended indifference to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and with it my promise; and now I give you warning that if ever I do keep it, it will be only from the conviction that I shall torment you more by fulfilling it, than by flying from it."—"Fairly declared," cried Leander, and since my word is passed, I'll stand to it; but take notice, if I was not perfectly secure of being jilted, I should think myself in a

fair way to be the most egregious dupe in nature."

In this strain of mutual raillery, they proceeded to settle the most serious business of their lives, and whilst neither would venture upon a confession of their passion, each seemed to rely on the other for a discovery of it. They now broke up their conference in the gayest spirits imaginable, and Leander at parting, offered to make a bett of half his fortune with Adelisa, that she did not stand to her engagement, at the same time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place.—"And what shall I gain," said she, "in that case, by half your fortune, when I shall have a joint share in possession of the whole?"—"Talk not of fortune," cried Leander, giving loose to the rapture which he could no longer restrain, "my heart, my happiness, my life itself is yours."—So saying, he caught her in his arms, pressed her eagerly in his embrace, and hastily departed.

No sooner was he out of her sight than he began to expostulate with himself upon his indiscretion:—In the ecstasy of one unguarded moment he blasted all his schemes, and by exposing his weakness, armed her with fresh engines to torment him. In these reflections he passed the remainder of the night; in vain he strove to find some justification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks she had bestowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart, to throw him from his guard and reestablish her tyranny. With these impressions, he presented himself at her door next morning, and was immediately admitted. Adelisa was alone, and Leander immediately began by saying to her, "I am now come to receive at your hands the punishment,

ment, which a man who cannot keep his own secret, richly deserves: I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me; only remember that you cannot give a stab to my heart, without wounding your own image, which envelopes every part, and is too deeply impressed for even your cruelty totally to extirpate."—At the conclusion of this speech, Adélisa's countenance became serious; she fixed her eyes on the floor, and after a pause, without taking any notice of Leander, and as if she had been talking to herself in soliloquy, repeated in a murmuring tone:—"Well well, it is all over; but no matter."—"For the love of Heaven," cried Leander in alarm, "what is all over?"—"All that is most delightful to woman," she replied;—"All the luxury which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting your's: Oh Leander! what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your pretended indifference, and depend upon it, I would have executed them to the utmost rigour of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquette but in self defence; sincerity is my natural character; but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment, and professors of seduction! When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence!—If I have employed this art more particularly against you, than others, why have I so done,

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but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's and proportioned my defences to my danger! Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning, than an affair of honour, and if you will call your own conduct into fair review, trust me you will find little reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favour your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at once so pleasing and so suspicious. Let this suffice in justification of what is past; it now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come:—If ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote myself to all its duties; I bid farewell at once to all the vanities, the petulances, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure; the whole system must undergo a revolution, and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes: I know the world too well to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to, when I have not only truths but the similitudes of truths to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of example also:—It is not therefore in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charites my pleasures will be found; they will center in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature, and the sons of nature, in benefiting the tenants and labourers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbours, in availing myself of those numberless oppor-

tunities,

E

tunities, which a residence in the country affords of relieving the untold distresses of those who suffer in secret, and are too humble, or perhaps too proud to ask."—Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep silence, but breaking forth into transports of love and ad-

miration, gave a turn to the conversation, which it is no otherwise interesting to relate, than as it proved the prelude to an union which speedily took place, and has made Leander and Adelfa the fondest and worthiest couple in England.



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. I.

In this wide world what varying objects rise ?

HAPPY is that man, who is free from *envy* ; who is content with his condition, and complains not of the deeds of Providence ; but, though unfortunate himself, rejoices at the prosperity of those around him ; whose eyes moisten at the tale of sorrow, and whose sympathetic breast beats in unison with the sufferer ; who from his little store bestows a generous mite to the children of poverty : Happiness is most certainly his companion, and the ills of life rest lightly on his head. The morsel which he eats, is sweet and nourishing ; the water which he drinks, is cool and refreshing ; and the straw which supports his limbs, soothes him in soft forgetfulness. He is beloved by all who know him ; caressed where ever he goes, and sought after by the good and generous. When he visits his neighbours in trouble, such benignity sets upon his countenance, that the eye of sorrow wears a smile, and the perturbed breast ceases to heave a sigh. He, like a minister of peace, is received among them, and his words affect them as the oil of consolation. How infinite, how extensive must be his felicity ! Surely he, above all the rest of mankind, partakes of heaven below, of bliss

which none but saints and angels ever claim. He becomes, by his deeds, an honour to human nature, and a blessing to mankind.

But the *envious man* is a plague to society, a torment to himself, and a disgrace to humanity. Envy is of such a poisonous, corrosive nature, that it festers the mind and corrupts the soul. All the tender, sympathetic feelings, are by it destroyed, and its possessor is rendered unfit to perform the deeds of this world, and to undergo the troubles concomitant with man. It mars all his enjoyments, extirpates tranquillity from the mind, and ruins domestic and conjugal happiness. The pleasures of friendship and conversation are entirely cut off. Society, the boon of heaven and choicest gift of God, is by it rendered abortive, without which, who can travel life's dull and weary round ?

The envious man is of all men the most miserable ; he is the most pitiful object in nature, for if he happens to fall into company, like a true cynic, he shows the colour of his mind by the features of his face. The wrinkled frown upon his brow, and the sneering crook of his nose, are things which plainly mark *the man*. If the topic of conversation happens to run upon men
and

and public measures, he *is* pleased, for then he can and *will* join the confab' by uttering the most bitter epithets and virulent remarks upon the characters above him. His envy poisons all he says or does, it diffuses itself into every word which he utters, and corrupts even his retired thoughts.

While he is receiving the blessings of health and riches from the hand of his merciful Creator, he sits repining at the hardness of his lot. He exclaims against Providence while he is living on his bounty. He curses the food which he is eating, because it is the same which nourishes and supports those around him. There is nothing which he so much dreads, and which so much vexes his soul, as the prosperity of his neighbours. With sorrow and indignation he beholds their fields waving in luxuriant pride, their mountains covered with herds, and their pastures moving with cattle. That they should merit the smiles of God more than himself; that they should be superior to him in knowledge, or riches, are ideas too shocking for his conception, too degrading to his nature, and things which he wishes to conceive as impossibilities.

The life which he leads, is wretched beyond description. To say he possesses any peaceful moments, no one can, unless those can be called such, which he expends in try-

ing to destroy the good fame and character of his fellow beings. His time rolls heavily along, bringing with it something productive of heartfelt uneasiness, which to others (though not because they rejoice in his afflictions) is the source of pleasure and happiness. He eats his best food without relish, and drinks his wine as if it partook only of the sourness of the grape. He rises from his table unsatisfied, and unrefreshed; and after roving in some solitary place, till the sun has declined the west, he returns peevish and moroseful, having thrown himself upon his couch, he lingers out a restless night. Thus his life wears away; thus he goes cursing and cursed down to the grave; the sods of the valley cover him; the eye beholds his deposit, unmoved, and the earth tumbles upon his coffin without raising a sigh!

Happy are they who shun this last extreme;

Who live all mindful of some happier soil,

Who court the blessings of the great Supreme,

Nor think for sacred bliss too much they toil.

Who view the increase of their neighbour's store

With joy unmingl'd with an envious eye;

And whose ambition leads him to that lore,

Which teaches how to live and how to die.

Singular ACCOUNT of LA MAUPIN.

[FROM BURNES'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.]

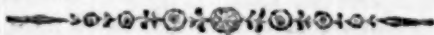
LA MAUPIN seems to have been a most extraordinary personage. "She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man, and resisted and fell like a

woman. Her adventures are of a very romantic kind. Married to a young husband, who soon was obliged to absent himself from her, to enter on an office he had obtained at Provence,

Provence, she ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learned the small sword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards a useful qualification to her on several occasions. The lovers first retreated from persecution to Marseilles; but necessity soon obliged them to solicit employment there, at the opera; and, as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. But soon after this she was seized with a passion for a young person of her own sex, whom she seduced, but the object of her whimsical affection being pursued by her friends, and taken, was thrown into a convent at Avignon, where La Maupin soon followed her; and having presented herself as a novice, obtained admission. Some time after, she set fire to the convent, and, availing herself of the confusion she had occasioned, carried off her favourite. But being pursued and taken, she was condemned to the flames for contumacy; a sentence, however, which was not executed, as the young Marsellaïse was found, and restored to her friends.

"She then went to Paris, and made her first appearance on the opera stage in 1695, when she performed the part of Pallas, in Cadmus, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent, that she was obliged, in her car, to take off her

casque to salute and thank the public, which redoubled their marks of approbation. From that time her success was uninterrupted. Dumeni, the singer, having affronted her, she put on men's clothes, watched for him in the Place des Victoires, and insisted on his drawing his sword and fighting her, which he refusing, she caned him, and took from him his watch and snuff box. Next day, Dumeni having boasted at the opera house, that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, she related the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff box in proof of her having caned him for his cowardice. Thevenard was nearly treated in the same manner, and had no other way of escaping her chastisement, than by publicly asking her pardon, after hiding himself at the Palais Royal during three weeks. At a ball given by Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. she again put on men's clothes, and having behaved impertinently to a lady, three of her friends, supposing La Maupin to be a man, called her out. She might easily have avoided the combat by discovering her sex, but she instantly drew, and killed them all three. Afterwards, returning very coolly to the ball, she told the story to Monsieur, who obtained her pardon."



OBSERVATIONS ON BLINDNESS, and on the Employment of the other Senses to supply the Loss of SIGHT.

[By Mr. Bzw.—From "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester."]

*tenebrasque necesse est
Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant*

LUCRET.

AMONGST the various accidents and calamities, to which the human species are subjected,

there are none that excite compassion, or call forth our benevolent aid more powerfully, than blindness.

The

The blind man, in all ages and countries, has ever been allowed an indisputable claim on the good offices of his fellow creatures ; his necessities have generally been supplied with sacred care ; and his genius, if it approached to excellence, has been respected with a degree of reverence, superior to what is usually bestowed, on such as are possessed of the faculty of sight.

The faculty of sight, indeed, is justly considered as superior to any of the other senses. Hearing, tasting, and smelling, when compared with vision, appear very limited in their powers and determinations ; and though the sense of touch may possess the most general, and accurate power of conveying the ideas of the various modifications of matter to the mind ; yet the comprehensiveness, together with the instantaneous celerity, with which vision displays to us the wonders of Nature, or the varieties of Art, far transcend any of the perceptions, that the touch, or the other senses are able to furnish us with. It is, perhaps, on this account, that we figuratively employ the term, *seeing*, in acknowledging the conscious evidence of reason and truth ; and even extend the application, as the most expressive, to one of the distinguishing attributes of Almighty perfection.

In no part of the human fabric, or even throughout the whole of nature, with which we are acquainted, are there more evident marks of exquisite perfection and wisdom, than in what relates to the sense of seeing ; whether we direct our attention to the wonderful regularity, order, minuteness, and velocity of the rays of light, which minister to this sense, or to the structure and formation of the little organ, in which this faculty is destined to reside. " With a

* *Dr. Reid, p. 121.*

" ball and socket, (as a learned and
" and elegant philosopher* beauti-
" fully observes) of an inch diame-
" ter, we are enabled, in an instant
" of time, without changing our
" place, to perceive the disposition
" of an army, the figure of a palace,
" and the variety of a landscape ;"
and not only, as he farther remarks,
to " find our way through the path-
" less ocean, traverse the globe of
" the earth, determine its figure and
" dimensions, and delineate every
" region of it : " But,

-- " Breaking hence, take our ardent flight
" Through the blue infinite,"

ascertain the order, revolutions and
distances of the planetary orbs, and
even form probable conjectures on

----- " Every star
" Which the clear concave of a winter's
" night
" Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
" Far stretching, snatches from the dark
" abyss." THOMSON.

In contemplating, therefore, the extensive and almost unlimited properties of vision, we not only find our gratitude warmed and elevated to piety and devotion, but are, likewise, conscious of an involuntary impulse, that urges us to exert our endeavours, towards the assistance of such as are unfortunately deprived of this noble faculty, whenever they are presented to our notice.

And here, again, we have every motive to inspire us with admiration of the providential wisdom and benevolence, displayed by the divine Author of our existence. For, notwithstanding the great and comprehensive powers of sight, there is little of the actual knowledge acquired by this faculty, that may not, by attentive and patient perseverance, be communicated to the man who has been doomed to darkness from his birth.

birth. The bigot, or the enthusiast, who condemns the researches of philosophy, and erroneously pronounces them to be incompatible with religion; perceives, with astonishment, the blind enabled to expatiate on light or colours; on reflection, refraction, and on the various subjects, from which we might naturally suppose they would be excluded, by the deprivation of sight; and satisfies himself with abruptly referring the whole to the immediate dispensation of the Deity. The philosopher, on the other hand, though, with willing submission, he ultimately attributes the effects to Omnipotence; is, nevertheless, desirous to avoid the censure passed on the servant, "*who buried his talent in a napkin;*" and ventures to exert the abilities with which he may be endowed in endeavouring to investigate the means by which the effects are ordained to be accomplished, to the end, that the interests of humanity may be served with greater certainty.

The powerful influence of exercise and habit upon the intellectual, as well as upon the corporeal faculties, are too well known and acknowledged, to require much illustration. The muscles, of any part of the body, acquire peculiar vigour and fullness by habitual exercise; and the same is remarkable, though in a still higher degree, with respect to the effects of exercise and habit, on the faculties of the mind. From this wise regulation, in the economy of nature, results a train of resources, which the blind are found capable of deriving, from the exercise of the other senses; and which may be so far perfected, as to compensate, in a great measure, for the loss of the darling sense of sight. The delicacy and precision, with which some eminent blind people have employ-

ed the other senses, particularly *hearing* and *touch*, would, indeed, exceed the bounds of credibility, were we not assured of the facts, as well from actual experience, as from undoubted authorities.

Dr. Saunderson lost his sight by the small pox, so early in his infancy, that he did not remember to have ever seen. He had no more ideas of light, than if he had been born blind. Notwithstanding this misfortune, he acquired such profound and perfect knowledge in the science of mathematics, that, by the influence of his merit only, he was appointed to the professorship in the University of Cambridge. The address of this celebrated philosopher was no ways inferior to the knowledge he possessed; a circumstance, which we do not always meet with in those who have the full powers of sight. His lectures on the different branches of mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, and optics, were remarkably clear and intelligible. Fully aware of the difficulties young minds have to contend with, from the abstruseness in which the subjects of natural philosophy are usually involved, his endeavours were successfully directed to obviate and remove these obstructions; and to furnish a method, at the same time, comprehensive, natural, and easy to be understood.

Dr. Saunderson's sensation of touch, as is usual with blind people, was very exquisite; and it was by means of this sense, that he acquired many of his principal ideas. He distinguished, with astonishing nicety, the peculiar properties of bodies, that depended on the roughness or smoothness of their surfaces. A remarkable instance is given of his nice accuracy in this respect. A series of Roman medals, some of which were true, and others false, were

were presented to his touch. Dr. Saunderfon, by running his fingers over them, was soon able to distinguish the genuine antiques, from those that were counterfeited; tho' the latter had been executed, with such exactness of imitation, as to deceive a connoisseur, who only judged by the eye. But, says the professor, "I, who had not that sense to trust to, could easily feel a roughness in the new cast, sufficient to distinguish them by."

The impression made by the approach of bodies nearer to him, or their being removed farther off; and the different states of the atmosphere, were distinguishable to him by the same delicate sense of touch; and his sense of hearing was refined to a similar degree of perfection. He could readily ascertain the fifth part of a note of music. He not only distinguished and remembered the different people he conversed with, by the peculiar sounds of their voices, but, in some measure, places also. Judging by the sounds of the pavements, of the courts and piazzas, and the reflection of these sounds from the walls, he remembered the different variations, so as to be able to recollect the places, pretty exactly, when conducted to them afterwards.

We might produce a great variety of instances, both ancient and modern, where blind persons have excelled in different departments of science; and particularly, in the sev-

eral branches of mathematics.* But the attachment, which these unfortunate people display, for the pleasing pursuits of music and poetry, is still more general. The powerful influence of verbal expression, when communicated to the blind, in the form of poetry, and the congenial ideas it inspires, are really astonishing. Of this we have a recent proof in Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh. This amiable gentleman was, I believe, either born blind, or became so very soon after his birth: Yet, we find no defects, in those beautiful poems he has exhibited to the world, that can be attributed to his want of sight; on the contrary, we meet with descriptions of visual scenes and objects, as beautiful, expressive, and just, as if he had actually been possessed of the faculty of seeing; and had drawn his descriptions, from an enraptured survey of the variegated prospects of nature. Whereas, we must be convinced, when we accurately consider the matter, that the poetic enthusiasm, which inspired him, and excited these imitative powers, could only be produced by the various combination of sounds, which were conveyed, by words, to his imagination.

The influence of music is still more generally to be observed than that of poetry. Music, almost without exception, appears to be the favourite amusement of the blind. There is no other employment of the

* Diodotus, the preceptor of Cicero, is represented as attaching himself, with greater assiduity to the Science of Mathematics after he became blind.

"Diodotus Stoicus, cæcus multos annos, nostræ domi vixit: is vero, quod credibile vix esset, cum in Philosophia multò etiam magis assidue quam antea versaretur tum quod sine oculis fieri possit. Geometriæ munus tuebatur, præcipiens discipulis, unde, quo, quamque lineam scriberent." Cic. Tusc. disp. L. V. 39.

Didymus of Alexandria is celebrated by St. Jerom and the historian Cassiodorus, as a prodigy in logic and mathematics, though blind from his infancy. The latter writer, likewise speaks of one Eusebius, an Asiatic, who, though blind, distinguished himself highly in all kinds of learning.

the mind, religious contemplation excepted, that seems so well adapted to sooth the soul, and dissipate the melancholy ideas, which, it may naturally be expected, will sometimes pervade the dispositions of those who are utterly bereft of sight. This, together with the beneficial influence that results from the practice of this delightful art, by quickening and perfecting the sense of hearing, is a matter that deserves the most serious attention. The celebrated Professor, just now mentioned, excelled in performing on the flute, in his youth; and the refinement of his ear has been very justly attributed to his early attention to music. It is not, therefore, surprising that so many blind people have distinguished themselves in this science. Stanley and Parry were deprived of their sight in early infancy; yet both these gentlemen have displayed extraordinary proofs of their abilities, not only as composers and performers of music, but, likewise, in matters that, at a first view, we might be apt to consider as peculiar to those who are fully possessed of the faculty of vision. Their separate reputations, as musicians, are sufficiently known and acknowledged. The style of Stanley is truly his own; and his execution on the organ, equal, if not superior to any of his cotemporary performers on that grand instrument. Parry may be revered as the British bard of modern times. The halls of the Cambrian Chief resound with the melodious vibrations of his harp, and he has united the refinements of taste and elegance to the rude, but expressive modulations of antiquity.

I pass over a number of instances, that might be offered to your notice, and proceed to give some account of Dr. Henry Moyes, the el-

egant reader on philosophical chemistry; whose lectures, the greatest part of this society had the satisfaction of attending, and whose personal acquaintance several of us have enjoyed.

This intelligent philosopher, like the celebrated professor of Cambridge before mentioned, lost his sight, by the small pox, in his early infancy. He never recollected to have seen: "But the first traces of memory I have," says he, "are in some confused ideas of the solar system." He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated, and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Possessed of native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, music, and the languages; but, likewise entered deeply into the investigation of the profounder sciences; and displayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra; of astronomy, chemistry; and, in short, of most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy.

Mechanical exercises were the favourite employments of his infant years. At a very early age, he made himself acquainted with the use of edged tools, so perfectly, that, notwithstanding his entire blindness, he was able to make little wind-mills; and, he even constructed a loom, with his own hands, which still shew the cicatrices of wounds, he received in the execution of these juvenile exploits.

By a most agreeable intimacy, and frequent intercourse, which I enjoyed, with this accomplished blind gentleman, whilst he resided in Manchester; I had an opportunity

ntity of repeatedly observing the peculiar manner, in which he arranged his ideas, and acquired his information. Whenever he was introduced into company, I remarked, that he continued some time silent. The sound directed him to judge of the dimensions of the room, and the different voices, of the number of persons that were present. His distinction, in these respects, was very accurate; and his memory so retentive, that he seldom was mistaken. I have known him instantly recognize a person, on first hearing him speak, though more than two years had elapsed since the time of their last meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the stature of those he was speaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures, respecting their tempers and dispositions, by the manner in which they conducted their conversation.

It must be observed, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally insensible to intense light. The rays refracted through a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain distinguishable effects on them.—The red gave him a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw. As the colours declined in violence, the harshness lessened, until the green afforded a sensation that was highly pleasing to him; and which he described, as conveying an idea similar to what he felt, in running his hand over smooth polished surfaces. Polished surfaces, meandering streams, and gentle declivities, were the figures, by which he expressed his ideas of beauty. Rugged rocks, irregular points, and boisterous elements, furnished him with expressions for terror and disgust. He excelled in the charms of conversation; was happy in his allusions to visual objects;

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and discoursed on the nature, composition, and beauty of colours, with pertinence and precision.

Dr. Moyes was a striking instance of the power, the human soul possesses, of finding resources of satisfaction, even under the most rigorous calamities. Though involved "in ever during darkness," and excluded from the charming views of silent or animated nature; though dependent on an undertaking for the means of his subsistence, the success of which was very precarious; in short, though destitute of other support than his genius, and under the mercenary protection of a person, whose integrity he suspected—still Dr. Moyes was generally cheerful and apparently happy. Indeed it must afford much pleasure to the feeling heart to observe this hilarity of temper prevail, almost universally, with the blind. Though "cut off from the ways of men, and the contemplation of the human face divine;" they have this consolation; they are exempt from the discernment, and contagious influence, of those painful emotions of the soul, that are visible on the countenance, and which hypocrisy itself can scarcely conceal. This disposition, likewise, may be considered, as an internal evidence of the native worth of the human mind; that thus supports its dignity and cheerfulness under one of the severest misfortunes that can possibly befall us. Nor is this cheerful resignation peculiar to those who have been blind from their birth; we find it, also, generally prevail with such as have lost their sight, even at a more advanced age; and who must, undoubtedly, feel the misfortune with the utmost anguish. The distressing recollection, which memory must present, of former enjoyments, we find, however, soon subside. Gentler and more pleas-

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ing reflections succeed. Contemplation takes her residence in her proper province, the human mind; and the blind, submissively and cheerfully resign themselves to the will of Heaven, and the benevolent protection of the less unfortunate of their fellow creatures. And hard,

indeed, is the heart of him, who will not stretch out his hand to succour the blind; or who, by injustice, ill-liberality, or unkindness, adds a sting to the conscious dependence, to which, whilst they live, they must ever be subjected.

[Remainder next month.]

ESSAY on DELICACY of SENTIMENT.

[From "The BEE," a Scotch Periodical Publication.]

Oh! teach us—yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move,
Of mad good nature, and of mean self love.

POPE.

THE character of delicacy of sentiment, so esteemed at present, seems to have been unknown to the ancients. It is certainly a great refinement on humanity. Refinements are never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations of war, and the wants of unimproved life, leave little opportunity, and less inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Danger and distress require strength of mind, and necessarily exclude an attention to those delicacies, which while they please, infallibly enervate.

That tenderness which is amiable in a state of perfect civilization, is despised as a weakness among unpolished nations. Shocked at the smallest circumstances which are disagreeable, it cannot support the idea of danger and alarm. So far from exercising the cruelties which are sometimes politically necessary in a rude state, it starts with horror from the sight, and at the description of them. It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly resign the spear and the shield for the shepherd's crook and the lover's garland. But in an unformed community, where

constant danger requires constant defence, those dispositions which delight in retirement and ease will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is despised will be long epidemical.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the most civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of sentiment which is become so universally prevalent in modern times. Perhaps some reasonable causes may be assigned. The stoic philosophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and, though it was not embraced, in all its rigidity, by the vulgar, yet it had a sufficient number of votaries to diffuse a general taste for an insensibility of temper. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reason; but as a natural want of feeling produced the same effects as a rational regulation of the passions, it soon passed among the vulgar for what it could lay no claim to, a philosophical indifference.

That respectful attention to women, which in modern times is called

called *gallantry*, was not to be found among the ancients. Women were looked upon as inferior beings, whose only duty was to contribute to pleasure, and superintend domestic economy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men showed that desire of pleasing the softer sex, which seems to allow them a superiority. This deference to women refines the manners and softens the temper; and it is no wonder that the ancients, who admitted no women to their social conversations, should acquire a roughness of manners incompatible with *delicacy of sentiment*.

Men who acted, thought, and spoke, like the ancients, were unquestionably furnished, by nature, with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden, than to mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the sole general objects. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other passions subservient to itself; and the youth who had been accustomed to military discipline, and had endured the hardships of a campaign, though he might yield to the allurements of pleasure, would not have time to attend to the refinements of delicacy. But the modern soldier, in the present mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many personal hardships, either in the preparation for his profession, or in the exercise of it. Commerce, but little known to many ancient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, in order to pass away life with ease, have recourse to the various arts of exciting pleasure. The professions of divinity and law, leave sufficient time, opportunity, and in-

clination to most of their professors, to pursue every amusement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, consists of the study of the poets and sentimental writers, contributes, perhaps more than all other causes, to humanise the heart and refine the sentiments: For, at the period when education is commenced, the heart is most susceptible of impression.

Whatever disposition tends to soften, without weakening the mind, must be cherished; and it must be allowed that delicacy of sentiment, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of mankind, by diffusing an universal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themselves; it disposes us to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to increase their pleasure. It frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of the greatest misery in life. It excites a pleasing sensation in our own breast, which if its duration be considered, may be placed among the highest gratifications of sense. The only ill consequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may disqualify us for vigorous pursuits and manly exertions.

In the most successful course of life, obstacles will impede, and disagreeable circumstances disgust. To bear these, without feeling them, is sometimes necessary in the right conduct of life: But he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whose sensibility approaches to foreness, avoids the contest in which he knows he must be hurt. He feels injuries never committed; and resents affronts never intended. Disgusted with men and manners, he either seeks retirement, to indulge his melancholy, or, weakened

ed by continual chagrin, he conducts himself with folly and imprudence.

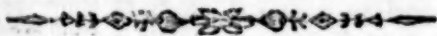
How then shall we avoid the extreme of a disposition, which in the due medium, is productive of the most salutary consequences? In this excess, as well as all others, reason must be called in to moderate. Sensibility must not be permitted to sink us into that state of indolence, which effectually represents those manly sentiments that may very well consist with the most delicate. The greatest mildness is commonly united with the greatest fortitude in the true hero. Tenderness, joined with resolution, form indeed, a finished character.

The affectation of great sensibility is extremely common. It is, however, as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man contemptible, and a woman ridiculous. Instead of relieving the afflicted, which is the necessary effect of gen-

uine sympathy, a character of this sort flies from misery, to shew that it is too delicate to support the sight of distress. The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will cause a paroxysm of fear. But it is remarkable that this delicacy and tenderness often disappear in solitude, and the pretender to uncommon sensibility is frequently found, in the absence of witnesses, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of nature, is to have received the means of the greatest blessings. To have guided it by the dictates of reason, is to have acted up to the dignity of human nature, and to have obtained that happiness of which the heart was constituted susceptible.

May a temper, thus laudable in itself, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or useless by neglect!



HISTORY of the Intercourse between the Earl of CHESTERFIELD and Dr. JOHNSON.

LORD Chesterfield, to whom Dr. Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his lordship the plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation: But when the dictionary was upon the eve of publication, lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to sooth and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him,

by writing two papers in "The World," in recommendation of the work; and it must be confessed, that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned, that if there had been no previous offence, it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise in general was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments, he was peculiarly gratified. His lordship in these papers, says, I think the public in general and the republic of letters in particular, are greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson, for having undertaken, and executed, so great and desirable a work. Perfection

is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe, that he will bring this as near to perfection as any man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately or elegantly expressed.—

It must be owned that our language is, at present, in a state of anarchy, and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time, the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous part. And I hereby declare, that I have made a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship. Nay more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator; but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, and

no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume, that obedience can never be expected, when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite.

This courtly advice failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that “all was false and hollow,” despised the honied words, and was even indignant, that lord Chesterfield should for a moment imagine, that he could be the dupe of such an artifice.—His expression concerning lord Chesterfield, on this occasion, was, “After making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might shew him, that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him.”

The Letter.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been informed by the Proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged,
that

that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, en-

cumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[*Bos. Life Johnson.*]

A N E C D O T E.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Ruffel's house, when he was Captain-General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hog'sheads of brandy, eight hog'sheads of water, 25,000 lemons,

twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof.

[*Westmin. Mag. 1778.*]

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION of the CORAL.

[From HARRIS's Natural History of the Bible.]

CORAL* is a hard, stony, marine substance, resembling in figure the stem of a plant divided into branches. It is of different colours; black, white, and red. The latter is the sort emphatically called coral, as being the most common, and most valuable, and employed in the way of ornament. It is of a fine uniform red colour throughout its whole substance.

This, though no gem, is ranked by the author of the book of Job xxviii. 18. with the onyx and sapphire. It must however be owned that the signification of the original word is altogether uncertain.

The Syrians anciently brought it from the South, and traded therein with the Tyrians. Ezek. xxvii. 16.

Mr. Bruce† thinks the sea Zuph, in our and other versions called the Red Sea, should be named *the sea of coral*. "As for what fanciful people have said of any redness in the sea itself, or colour in the bottom, the reader may assure himself all this is fiction, the Red Sea being in colour nothing different from the Indian or any other ocean.

"There is a greater difficulty in assigning a reason for the Hebrew name, *yam suph*; properly so called, say learned authors, from the quantity of *weeds* in it. But I must confess, in contradiction to this, that I never in my life (and I have seen the whole extent of it) saw a weed of any sort in it; and, indeed, upon the slightest consideration it will appear to any one that a narrow gulf,

under the immediate influence of monsoons blowing from contrary points six months each year, would have too much agitation to produce such vegetables, seldom found but in stagnant waters, and seldomer, if ever, found in salt ones. My opinion then is, that it is from the *large trees,‡* or *plants, of white coral*, spread every where over the bottom of the Red Sea, perfectly in imitation of plants on land, that the sea has obtained this name."

While I am making this extract, a learned friend§ strengthens, by his ingenious criticisms, this opinion of Mr. Bruce. He observes that the word *suph* means sometimes *post*, or *stake*, to which the large branches of coral may bear some resemblance. Dr. Shaw speaks of them as so considerable that they tied their boats to them. The sea is at this day called *Babrsuf*, and the vegetation it produces *suf*. And Calmet produces the authority of Don John de Castro, Viceroy of the Indies for the King of Portugal, who believes likewise that it has its name, *yam suph*, from the great quantity of *coral* found in it.

If after this I might hazard a conjecture of my own, I would contend that it means the *extreme*, or *boundary sea*; my reasons for which I will produce after accounting for the name it now bears. It is certain that the books of the old testament invariably call it *the sea zuph*. And I am inclined to believe that the name *red* was not given to it till after

* Vast groves of it grow on the rocks in the Red Sea, Persian gulf, &c. See Chrysoft. ex Strab. geogr. l. 16. p. 213. ed. Hudson, and Shaw's travels, p. 384, &c.

† Travels, p. 246. 8vo.

‡ I saw one of these, which from a root nearly central, threw out ramifications in a nearly circular form, measuring twenty six feet diameter every way.

§ Rev. Mr. West, of New Bedford.

after the Idumeans [or Edomites] had spread themselves from East to West till they came to border upon and possess this sea. They had long the property and use of it for their shipping. Then it came to be called by the name of the *sea of Edom*, which the Greeks translated *thalasse Erythrea*, the *sea of Erythras* (the same as Edom) Edom signifying *red*. || In 1 Kings, ix. 26, and 11 Chron. viii. 17. the *sea of suph* is mentioned as in the land of Edom, which may be considered as a confirmation of this conjecture.

This sea is twice mentioned * expressly as the *limit* or *extreme boundary*, of the possessions of the Israelites: And in several instances † is implied, or included, in the boundary. The original and most gen-

|| Gen. xxv. 30. Buxtorf. Taylor.

* Exod. xxiii. 31. and Numb. xxxiv. 3.

† Deut. xi. 24. Joshua i. 4. 1 Kings, iv. 21, 24. Psal. lxxii. 8.

§ See Buxtorf, and Taylor.

eral meaning of *suph* is *end*, *limit*, *extremity*, or *hinder part*. § This has induced me to believe it originally called by the Jews the *further boundary sea*. That it was not named *suph* because abounding in coral. I apprehend from this circumstance that that marine production is mentioned in scripture by an entirely different name. It is spoken of in Job xxviii. 18. and Ezek. xxvii. 16. as a precious stone, and is called *ramut*, from a verb, whose primary and usual signification is *to lift*, or *raise up*, and in Isai. ii. 13. x. 33. *to have lofty branches*. Coral, as we have before observed, lifts itself many yards above the water; and therefore might very properly be called, *ramut*, the *branching stone*.

Remarkable ANECDOTE of the BARON DE MIZELANDWITZ.

HE was one of the Swedish Senate deprived of all power by the present king, upon the memorable revolution in the Government which changed it to an absolute monarchy; he was possessed of an estate equal to one worth 10,000l. a year in England, and upon the event fled his country, saying, he would suffer the most wretched exile abroad rather than to remain a slave where he had a right to freedom. He took up his residence at Hamburg, where he has lived ever

since in great poverty, lodging in a very miserable apartment, and waiting entirely on himself. The King has written twice to him in the most flattering terms, inviting him to return to his estate and honours; but he never took any notice of his letters; and, upon his Majesty's sending him a remittance to enable him to live more comfortably, he refused it, saying, "I will die rather than receive a dollar at the hands of one who has enslaved my country!"

[*Westmin. Mag.* 1780.]

HISTORICAL TRAITS.

IT is remarkable, that in Catholic countries the Sunday is almost every where a day of irregularity.

In Paris no less than fourteen festivals in the year have been recently suppressed, which was taking off so many

many days from drunkenness and debauchery.—A cobbler of that city, perceiving on Thursday a sergeant, who was so intoxicated, that his supporters could hardly keep him from falling, suddenly left his stall, placed himself before the tottering man, and, after attentively looking at him, pathetically exclaimed, “Alas, this will be my condition next Sunday !”

Adriano, of Cordova, was an artist so diffident of himself, that he used to deface or destroy his pictures, as soon as he had executed them ; and so general was this practice with him, that his friends took occasion to intercede with him for the preservation of his valuable productions in the name of the souls in purgatory, knowing his attachment to the holy offices in their behalf. By this mode of exorcism, the destroying spirit, which his self dissatisfaction had conjured up, was kept in check ; and thanks to the souls in purgatory ! some very valuable pictures were rescued from extinction by their influence and authority.

Apicius, the celebrated Roman Epicure, could not name all the animals that covered his table, and which were brought from every part

of the world. It was his slave who enjoyed the delicacies which his own loss of appetite prevented him from tasting. At length, he poisoned himself ; for, on looking over his accounts, and finding he had but 60,000 crowns left, he was apprehensive that he should die of hunger.

Peter, King of Castile, surnamed the Cruel, was said by the Spanish historians to be a lover of justice. The following anecdote is a very curious proof of it. Being fond of roving in the streets in the night, he once made a riot. The watch man, not suspecting him to be more than a private man, attacked him instantly, and was killed by the King. Search was made the next day after the perpetrator of the murder. A woman, who had been a witness to the fact, recollected the person of his Majesty, and accused him of the crime. The Magistrates, in a body, went instantly to carry their complaints to the throne. The King allowed that justice ought to be satisfied ; and, with that view, most graciously ordered his head to be struck off—from his own effigy. A mutilated statue is still to be seen in a corner of the street where the murder was committed.



ANECDOTES of the late EMPEROR of GERMANY.

THIS amiable Prince had determined to visit Paris in the month of January, 1777 ; but the great quantities of snow, that had fallen in Austria and Bavaria, had rendered the roads impracticable, and obliged his Majesty to postpone his journey. Being told by one of his Courtiers that some hundreds of peasants would soon clear the roads, he nobly answered : “ I would rather sacrifice every pleasure of my
Vol. VI. G

life, than give pain to the meanest of my subjects.”

His Majesty often drives through the streets of Vienna in a chabriolet, a kind of one-horse chaise. One day, he happened to overfet a green-stall, and the woman, who knew him not, while she was gathering her cabbages and carrots, loaded him with a thousand reproaches. The moment he had returned to the Palace, he sent a dozen ducats to the good woman, with

with this observation : " I think she will now be satisfied. This will repair any injury I may have done her, and she has had sufficient leisure to abuse me."

Before he quitted the frontiers of Austria, the Emperor, who travelled incognito, happened to meet with one of those vain-glorious beings, who, in reality, are *little*, in the very proportion in which they would exalt themselves above their inferiors ; forgetting that the virtues only form the real distinctions between men, and that in the beginning all were equal. This singular adventure is thus related : The Count of Falkenstein, (the title under which the Emperor travelled) had scarce alighted at an inn, when he saw a very splendid equipage, preceded and followed by a great number of postillions. Inquiring what Nobleman it was who travelled with such parade, he was informed, that it was the Bishop of —, who was going to Vienna, accompanied by his Grand Vicar. Certain of not being known, the Count sent to request the Bishop would permit him to have the honour to sup with him. The Prelate received with great coolness this self-invitation

from a man whom he thought of such inferior rank ; nor would he have admitted the stranger to his table but, for the pressing instances of his Grand Vicar. Apprehensive, however, of doing him too much honour, the Bishop with difficulty deigned, during the repast, to address two or three words to the illustrious traveller ; and the conversation would have been extremely languid, but for the politeness of the Grand Vicar, who, after displaying a great deal of wit and good sense, informed the Count, that the Bishop was going to Court, to solicit for a rich Abbey then vacant, and which he was certain of obtaining. His Majesty retired, as little satisfied with the ridiculous vanity of the Prelate, as charmed with the excellent qualities he had discovered in his companion. The Bishop had no sooner arrived at Vienna, than he repaired to the Prime Minister, with all the certainty of success. But how great was his mortification in being informed, that this rich Abbey was disposed of to his own Grand Vicar, at the recommendation of the Nobleman with whom he had supped at such an inn.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

R E V I E W.

Sermons on various Subjects, Evangelical, Devotional, and Practical, adapted to the Promotion of Christian Piety, Family Religion, and Youthful Virtue. By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Pastor of the 1st Church in West Springfield.

TO promote virtue in youth, religion in families, and Christian piety among all ranks and ages, is the worthiest employment in which the human faculties can be enjoyed. That these Sermons are well calculated to answer this important end, will be readily acknow-

ledged by every reader of discernment and piety. They are not intended, nor adapted to support any particular system—to propagate singularities, to offend or to flatter any sect or denomination of Christians, but, by commending the truth as it is in Jesus, to every man's conscience in

in the sight of God, to please all men for their good to edification, and to make them Christians in belief, in temper, and in practice.

It is the great excellence of these Sermons, that the subjects are important and practical; that the thoughts naturally grow out of the subjects, are judiciously arranged, and communicated in language that is easy, perspicuous, and familiar, and at the same time pure and elegant. Our author is happy in his matter and method, in the conciseness and clearness of his discourses. He is equally happy in dignifying and enriching his style as well as enforcing his matter, by introducing with facility and pertinence the language of scripture. The reader of taste as well as devotion, finds, as he proceeds, his feelings interested, and his mind opened, elevated, and satisfied. Perhaps it will not be easy for young students in divinity to find a better model for sermonizing. We are persuaded that if their discourses are formed after the pattern of these, as to sentiment, construction, arrangement and language, they will be more than popular preachers, they will be entertaining and useful. They will be intelligible to the unlearned, pleasing to the refined, and profitable to all.

We select a few passages to gratify those who have not the volume in their hands, and to verify our criticism.

SERMON I. p. 15. "We are to glorify God for our own existence.

"If a happy existence is to be valued, an existence accompanied with present enjoyments, and with the means of higher enjoyments hereafter, is to be contemplated with gratitude and joy. Perhaps in the gloom of a discontented mind you complain of life as a burden. Impatience may undoubtedly draw up a long list of grievances. But from this list, let your sober reason make proper deductions. In the first place, strike out your *imaginary*

troubles; those which arise from pride, vanity, avarice, habit, irregular passion, and extravagant expectation. Strike out next the troubles which are merely *negative*, consisting only in the removal of blessings which you have enjoyed for a while, and which, if you had never enjoyed them, you never would have desired. Strike out also your *comparative* evils, which owe their existence to an apprehension, that your neighbours possess benefits derived to you—benefits you would not have thought of, if you had not seen them in the possession of others. Make these deductions, and your list of grievances will be much reduced. Call gratitude to make the estimate, and your blessings will be found to exceed your troubles. You have more days of health and comfort, than of sickness and pain. In a course of regular industry, you have more success than disappointment. In your connexions, you have many friends; few enemies—perhaps none. Remember also, that your real troubles, rightly regarded, are preparatives for a state of pure enjoyment; and that death, which of all things here you most dread, is your passage to that state.

"But still perhaps some will conclude, that their existence is to be regretted."

"For revelation informs us, that a great part, yea, much the greater part of the human race will be miserable forever. It is then, with respect to each one who comes on this stage, more probable that he will be miserable than happy. And if this is his state, what ground is there to be thankful for existence?"—"Now, without entering on the question, whether the proportion of the saved will be great or small, a question not subject to human calculation, we are to consider, whether we have the means and offers of happiness, and whether we have them from a Being that may be trusted? If we have, then there is cause of thankfulness for our existence; for we may be happy if we will be wise. It is only the abuse of divine goodness that makes us miserable. You are not to consider the plan of the gospel, as the scheme of a lottery, in which each man's chance for success is according to the proportion of prizes to blanks; but as a moral and rational plan, in which each one's success will be determined by his own choice. Be the number of the saved ever so small, this diminishes not the probability in favour of those, who seek for glory by a patient continuance in well doing.

doing. Be it ever so great, this gives no additional hope to those who neglect their salvation. To determine the probability of your success, you need not inquire how many, or how few will be saved: You are only to inquire what you yourselves are doing. In the destruction of the old world, Noah and his household, though few, only eight souls, were preserved. At the wedding supper, the one unworthy guest was cast into utter darkness. Whatever may be the number of the righteous, or of the wicked, the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

"Finally, we are to glorify God for the prospects which are opened before us. Here we may know something of God's works; for creation is all around us and Providence is working before us. Angels and saints above know more of God's works than can be known here. They have a stronger sight, and can look to more distant objects. They are raised to higher ground, and can command a more extensive view. Their sight is not bounded by the circle of our horizon, nor their prospect terminated by the canopy of our skies. They see more than we can see, and they admire and love more than we can do. But delightful is the hope, that we shall one day be with them, and be like them; see as they see, and praise as they praise."

SERMON XVI. p. 243. "As the conjugal relation is one of the most important relations in life, to the parties themselves, to society, and to posterity, they who sustain it, ought above all things to study mutual peace. This will render the relation a blessing; without this, it will become a vexation and a curse. The Christian pair, considering themselves as having one common interest, and feeling themselves animated by one soul, will readily participate in each other's labours and sorrows, and will cheerfully communicate to each other their own pleasures and joys. The rougher paths of life they will tread hand in hand, and by reciprocal smiles of content, will beguile the tiresome walk. The pains of life they will lighten by bearing each other's burdens, and heighten every enjoyment by sharing it in common. In the education and government of the family, they will strengthen each other's hands; and instead of contending for an idle superiority, will combine their influence for the good of the household.

Little differences of opinion will be composed by mutual condescension. Accidental mistakes and trivial faults, will be overlooked, or viewed with the eye of candour. More serious errors will be mentioned with tenderness, and corrected with meekness. Real virtues and worthy actions will meet the cheering smiles of approbation; and worthy designs will be encouraged by a prompt, unsolicited concurrence. Unavoidable infirmities will be viewed with the comforting eye of pity, not with the insulting eye of disdain.—Real failings will not be matter of keen reproach, but of kind expostulation.—Under trifling inconveniences they will not tease and vex each other by eternal complaints; nor under severe misfortunes will they embitter each other's spirits by mutual upbraidings. But on the contrary, by examples of patience, cheerfulness, and heavenly mindedness, they will elevate their own and each other's minds above the smaller, and fortify them to bear the greater troubles of this changing world."

SERMON XIX. p. 299. "You must always remember that religion is a *benevolent* and *useful* thing; and that wherever it takes place, it makes men *better* than they were before. It consists not in empty noise and vain show; but in solid virtue and substantial goodness. It does not essentially consist in little niceties and trifling distinctions, which neither influence the heart, nor concern the practice; nor in the observance or rejection of particular rites and forms, which a man may use or disuse without prejudice to real virtue in himself or others; nor in a zealous attachment to, or angry abhorrence of, this sect, or that church, in which, as in most other fields, there are some tares and some wheat; but in something more excellent and divine. That, in a word, is true religion, which makes a *good man*—which renders one pious toward his God—conformed to the pattern of his Saviour—benevolent to his fellow men—humble in his temper and manners—peaceable in society—just in his treatment of all—condescending in cases of difference—strict in the government of himself—patient in adversity—and attentive to his duty in all conditions and relations of life. When you see such a character, you may believe that religion is there. When you find this to be your character, you may believe that wisdom has entered into your heart."



CABINET OF APOLLO.

PAPER: A POEM.

Written by the late Dr. FRANKLIN.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—

Whose hints shew'd meaning, whose allusions care,

By one brave stroke to mark all human-kind,

Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind;

When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,

Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;

Methinks a genius might the plan pursue. I (can you pardon my presumption) I—

No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,

The wants of fashion, elegance, and use, Men are as various: And, if right I scan,

Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—

Nice, as a bandbox were his dwelling place: He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,

And lock from vulgar hands in the *seruaire*.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,

Are *copy paper*, of inferior worth;

Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,

Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,

Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an is coarse *brown-paper*; such as pedlars choose

To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys

Health, fame and fortune, in a round of

Will any paper match him? Yes, through-out,

He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought;

He foams with censure; with applause he raves—

A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves; He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,

While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,

Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry, Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:

What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,

Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?

Them and their works in the same class you'll find;

They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet, She's fair *white-paper*, an unfulfilled sheet;

On which the happy man whom fate ordains, [pains.

May write his name, and take her for his One instance more, and only one I'll bring;

'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing, Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,

Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone: True genuine *royal-paper* is his breast;

Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS to the rising SONS of AMERICA.

COLUMBIA's sons, for you shall sacred truth

Beam thro' corruption and direct the press,

For

For you bright laurels of immortal worth
Shall bloom eternal on the brow of
peace.

Therefore behold the great and glorious
star,

That shines conspicuous at the helm of
state;

That led our heroes thro' tremendous war,
And robb'd the quiver of approaching
fate.

Copy from him the all celestial flame;
The patriot's virtue and the ruler's
guide;

On his perfections rear a glorious name,
And with him be your country's boast
and pride.

With him pursue where reason deigns to
lead;

Unaw'd by faction—conquer needless
fear,

And learn to copy each heroic deed
From the bright annals of each passing
year.

Firm to the cause of liberty remain,
To freedom's rights, and to the rights
of God;

That India's commerce may enrich our
main,

And peace and plenty gild Columbia's
road.

That heaven born science my diffuse her
light

Around the mind begloom'd with
bigot zeal;

That art increasing may enchant the
sight,

And to the plough transform Bellona's
steel.

Rob of its fang, and all corrosive power
The demon slander, ere its baneful use

Destroys the bud of many an op'ning
flower,

And treats good nature with its curs'd
abuse.

Full many a genius, many a freeborn
son

Has felt its blast, and from the stroke re-
coil'd; [gun,

Has—ere pure reason had its course be-
For flights of fancy been forever foil'd.

Therefore to you the prune and pen is
given [foil;

To spread improvement o'er our infant
To keep the path, that leads to truth, to
heaven,

And wrest the blossom from eternal
spoil.

Then immortality will bless your names,
And o'er your minds diffuse such sac-
cred bliss,

Than when th' Archangel nature's end
acclaims

You'll rise triumphant to the realms of
peace.

ALCADOUR.

To the Editors of the Massachusetts Maga-
zine.

GENTLEMEN,

The following STANZAS, written by Mrs. ROBINSON, the Sappho of her age, are, with pleasure presented to the public eye, by an American—The unaffected simplicity, tenderness, and poetic beauty, which run through each line, must charm every reader of taste and sentiment.

A N N A.

BOUNDING billows,* cease your mo-
tion,

Bear me not so swiftly o'er;

Cease your roarings, foamy ocean,

I shall tempt your rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,

Varying passions wildly reign;

Love with proud reluctance meeting,

Throbs by turns of joy and pain.

Joy, that far from foes I wander,

Where their arts can reach no more!

PAIN, that women's hearts grow fonder,

When their dream of bliss is o'er.—

Far I go where fate shall lead me,

Far across the restless deep!

Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,

Where no eye for me shall weep.

Proud has been my fatal passion!—

Proud my injured heart shall be!

Every thought and inclination,

Still shall prove me worthy thee!

Not one sigh shall tell my story,

Not one tear my cheek shall stain,

Silent grief shall be my glory,

Grief that stoops not to complain!

Yet ere far from all I treasure'd

Frederic † ere I bid adieu!

Ere my days of pain are measur'd,

Take the song that's still thy due.—

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee!

Thro' an age of worldly woe;

How unworthy I have prov'd thee,

Let my mournful exile show!

Ten

* Written on her passage from Dover to Calais.

† The Prince of Wales.

Ten long years of tender sorrow,
 Hour by hour I counted o'er ;
 Looking forward till *tomorrow*,
Every day I lov'd thee more !
 Power and splendor could not charm me,
 I no joy in wealth could see :—
 Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
 Save the fear of losing *thee !*
 When the storms of fortune press'd thee,
I have wept to see thee weep !
 When the pangs of care distress'd thee,
 I have lull'd those cares to sleep !
 Think when all the world forsook thee,
 When with grief thy soul was press'd,
 How to these fond arms I took thee,
 How I clasp'd thee to my breast.
 Often hast thou smiling told me,
Wealth and power were trifling toys,
 When thou fondly didst infold me,
 Rich in love's luxuriant joys !
Fare thee well, ungrateful rover !—
 Welcome *Gallia's* hostile shore !—
 Now the breezes waft me over,
Now we part—to meet no more !—

TO THE MEMORY OF A TAYLOR.

A PARODY.—Scene a GARRET.

RESOUND ye walls ! resound the dismal lay !
 (A taylor cries) our master dy'd to-day !
 Say what avails it now our seats to keep,
 Since he who feed us—Oh !—is fast asleep.
 Rise, rise, my friends ! haste ! get upon
 your feet,
 We lose our time if we preserve our seat :
 But let us, ere we leave the garret, try,
 Who best can speak his griefs, who loudest
 cry.
 Begin—This charge the dying buckram
 gave,
 And said—Ye workmen sing, around my
 grave !
 Sing, whilst the widow'd lady sits below,
 And laughs, and eats, and sips, to soothe
 her woe.
 O ! Twist and Thimble, cast your work
 away,
 Burn all the thread, and stitch no more to
 day,
 And with your needles, now so useless
 grown,
 Inscribe this verse on Buckram's tender
 stone :
 Let Nature change—let heav'n and earth
 deplore,
 For Buckram, best of taylor's, is no more !

TWIST.

'Tis done ! see Nature's various charms decay ;
 'Tis dark as pitch, tho' middle of the day !
 Ho ! Molly ! bring us lights, that we may
 see,
 How well inanimates with us agree.
 Lo ! where in hell the faded cabbage lies,
 With him it flourish'd and with him it
 dies !
 Were Buckram living how the dyes would
 bloom,
 And suits on suits be scatter'd o'er the
 room.
 Ah ! what avail'd of business his store !
 He's dead ! and now enjoys the trade no
 more !

THIMBLE.

At morn good ale, at evening gin I prize :
 At morn and evening how they cheer'd
 my eyes,
 But Buckram always—Now, nor gin, nor
 beer,
 Can please my soul, for Buckram is not
 here.
 Oh grief ! the heated goose and I agree,
 That hot with fire, and I inflam'd by thee,
 Alas ! poor master, oft my thumb shall
 bleed,
 For losing thee can I my stitching heed ?
 Away, my needle, I will sit and roar,
 For Buckram, first of taylor's, is no more !

STAY-TAPE.

My wretched brethren, what avails our art,
 That mendeth clothes, yet cannot heal the
 heart ?
 How Nature mourns ! the sun has ceas'd
 to shine,
 The dogs to bark, and silent are the swine !
 Ye happy pigs, that on the clean straw lie,
 No more we hear ye grunt, or hear ye cry ;
 O ! happy pigs, ye sleep in peace the same,
 Nor heed the sorrows which our breasts
 inflame ;
 But when awaken'd, O ! how ye will
 mourn
 Your wash, beans, barley-meal, e'en all
 things scorn,
 And, stretch'd at large upon your strawy
 bed,
 Will grunt in chorus, for poor Buckram's
 dead !

THIMBLE.

For him the dogs shall loathe their 'custom'd
 meal,
 The cats disdain the savory bit to steal,
 Yet shall they scream in concert, louder far
 Than when at night they urge the amorous
 war ;

No

No more, alas! their squalling shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But, growing wild, incessantly shall roar,
And tell that Buckram's fingering is no more!

TWIST.

No more shall cloth retain its wonted dyes,
And e'en, untouch'd, shall break the needles' eyes:
The sheers, when seiz'd by other hands for use,
Shall stubborn close, and cutting-out refuse;
And every journeyman shall scorn his
And starve in pity, for a taylor's dead!

STAY-TAPE.

Hark! hark! the measures, by the pitying wind
The sad news told, are grumbling here behind!
The grumbling measures to the impatient
His death regrimble, and the flame burns higher;
Th' impatient fire to embers wasted down,
Now snaps with rage, now soars with dismal moan:
The wind, the measures, and the fire de-
For Buckram, best of taylor, is no more!

THIMBLE.

Whilst yonder cushion shall our needles hold,
His fame to future taylor's shall be told.

ALL.

Adieu our shop-board, goose, and hell adieu!
Buckram is dead, and we must part with

TWIST.

Resound the tale of woe, for Buckram's dead!

ALL.

We will, as long as we can needles thread.
Here every thimble hero shook his head,
Now grief grew riotous, they kick'd, they roar'd;
At last it broke, and all came tumbling from the board!

[T. and C. Mag.]

SONNET to the MORNING.

Extracted for the Massachusetts Magazine.

MORN'S beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the blushes of the rose,
That all night long oppress'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilling shade its hues,

Reclin'd, forlorn, the languid head,
And sadly sought its parent bed;
Warmth from her ray the trembling flow'r derives,
And sweetly blushing through its tears re-vives.

"Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,"
And melt the tears that bend the rose;
But can their charms suppress the sigh,
Or chase the tear from sorrow's eye?
Can all their lustrous light impart
One ray of peace to sorrow's heart?
Ah! no; their fires her fainting soul oppress—
Eve's pensive shades more sooth her meek distress.

SONNET to the LILY.

Extracted for the Massachusetts Magazine.

SOFT silken flow'r! that in the dewy vale
Unfolds thy modest beauties to the morn,
And breath'st thy fragrance on her wandering gale,
O'er earth's green hills and shadowy vales borne;

When day has clos'd his dazzling eye,
And dying gales sink soft away;
When eve steals down the western sky,
And mountains, woods, and vales decay;

Thy tender cups, that graceful swell
Droop sad beneath her chilly dews;
Thy odours seek their silken cell,
And twilight veils thy languid hues.

But soon, fair flow'r! the morn shall rise,
And rear again thy pensive head;
Again unveil thy snowy dyes,
Again thy velvet foliage spread.

Sweet child of spring! like thee, in sorrow's shade,
Full oft I mourn in tears, and droop forlorn;
And O! like thine, may light my glooms pervade,
And sorrows fly before joy's living morn.

EPITAPH ON a GLAZIER.

PRECARIOUS dealer! Death, alas!
Has snapt in two life's brittle glass;
Keen was thy di'mond on the pane,
And well thy putty stoppt the rain;
But all thy arts were weak thro' life,
Death cut more certain with his scythe;
And thou, safe from a rainy day,
Art putty'd up in mother clay.

The

The ROSE and the BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE, by CUNNINGHAM.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly
spy'd

A budding young Rose, and he wish'd
her his bride:

She blush'd when she heard him his pas-
sion declare,

And tenderly told him—he need not
despair.

Their faith was soon plighted as lovers
will do,

He swore to be constant, she vow'd to
be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with
delay,

The bloom of a rose passes quickly } away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentle-
man hies,

From slow' ret to slow' ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey
to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him: "Al-
ready so cold!

"How feign'd, O you false one, the pas-
sion you told!

"Tis an age since you left me;" she meant
a few hours;

But such we'll suppose the fond language
of flowers:

"I saw when you gave the base vi'let a
kiss;

"How—how could you stoop to a mean-
ness like this?

"Shall a low, little wretch, whom we
roses despise,

"Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's
eyes?

"On a tulip quite tawdry, I saw your
fond rape,

"Nor yet could the pitiful primrose es-
cape:

"Dull daffodils too, were with ardour ad-
dress'd,

"And poppies ill scented you kindly ca-
ress'd."

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd
with a sneer,

"That you're first to complain, I com-
mend you, my dear!

"But know, from your conduct my max-
ims I drew,

"And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

"I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your
charms,

"I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his
arms;

Voh. VI.

H

"The honey bee kiss'd you, you cannot
disown,

"You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—
a drone;

"Yet worse—'tis a crime you must not
deny,

"Your sweets were made common, false
Rose, to a fly."

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence
make,

That every coquette should be curs'd
with a rake.

A.

STANZAS ON A LAKE IN SAVOY, en-
vironed with Mountains, Preci-
pices, &c.

HOW smooth that lake expands its
ample breast!

Where smiles in soften'd glow the sum-
mer sky;

How vast the rocks that o'er its surface
rest!

How wild the scenes its winding shores
supply.

Now down the western steep slow sinks
the sun,

And paints with yellow gleam the tufted
woods;

While here the mountain shadows, broad
and dun,

Sweep o'er the chrystal mirror of the
floods.

Mark how his splendor tips with partial
light

Those shatter'd battlements! that on the
brow

Of yon bold promontory burst to fight,
From o'er the woods that darkly spread
below.

In the soft blush of light's reflected power,
The ridgy rock, the woods that crown its
steep,

Th'illumin'd battlement, and darker tower,
On the smooth wave in trembling beauty
sleep.

But, lo! the sun recalls his fervid ray,
And cold and dim the wat'ry visions fail;

While o'er yon cliff, whose pointed craggs
decay,

Mild evening draws her thin empurpled
veil!

How sweet that strain of melancholy
horn!

That floats along the slowly ebbing wave,
And up the far receding mountains borne,

Returns a dying close from Echo's cave!

Hed

Hail shadowy forms of still, expressive
Eve!

Your pensive graces stealing on my heart,
Bid all the fine attun'd emotions live,
And fancy all her loveliest dreams im-
part.

[*Romance of the Forest.*]

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

NYMPH of the darkly rolling eye,
Earob'd in fancy's tinctur'd vest,
Forth from thy secret covert fly,
And take possession of my breast.
Now fancy's airy forms, on wing,
Their momentary charms display,
And seem to chide thy long delay,
"In number boundless, as the blooms of
spring."

Here let us join the nightly dance,
And sport on yonder flow'ry lawn,
Beneath the soft moon's silver glance,
And shun the purple light of morn.
In midnight's solitary hours,

O Cheerfulness, thy charms bestow,
Spread o'er our minds a peaceful glow,
And breathe a fragrance on the fields and
flowers.

Lost to all feeling, sense and shame,
The miser grasps his golden toys,
Spurns the rich honours of thy name,
And poisons all his social joys.
How soon his fairy prospects fade,
See haggard disappointment stand;
Behold he moves his sable hand,
And clouds the landscape with a gloomy
shade.

The sailor quits the realms of ease,
Forfakes, alas! thy happy reign,
He ploughs with joy the foaming seas,
But, lo! he ne'er returns again.
While round the howling billows rave,
Hark! how he shrieks with wild affright,
As dim he sees the *ghost of night*,
Half viewless gleaming thro' the sea green
wave!

Fair Goddess, to thy charms divine
Thy suppliant daily homage pays,
And lights thy consecrated shrine
With pure affection's hallow'd blaze.
Here let me soft Contentment find,
And far from all the din of courts,
Amidst these lively rural sports
Reap the rich harvest of a virtuous mind.

THE HERMIT.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INDIAN in PRISON.

ONCE on those plains where nature
gave me birth,
In mild serenity well pleas'd I rov'd,
Tasted the sweets and sipp'd the wines of
joy.

Freedom, that blest prerogative of man,
Was mine: To me she gave unbounded
bliss;

Gave me to roam where fancy call'd, and
where

The flowers of ease, without the thorns of
care,

Lifted, in honest pride, their fragrant heads.

There I enjoy'd a father's tender love,
That led my youthful feet in all the ways
Which nature shew'd and custom pointed
out;

Taught me to tame the lordly beast, that
fill'd

With cries the solitary wilderness;

Taught me to aim aright the mislive dart,
To hunt the gloomy dens, where lurks
alone

The hostile beast, and shuns the eye of day.
Paternal care instructed me to guide

The tottering barge across the ruffled pool;

To tear the finny monsters from the deep;

To lure the airy wanderers to my net;

To shun the poison'd serpent's deadly sting,

And the more pois'nous rage of vengeful
man.

'Twas there a mother's fond solicitude
I knew;

Her care protected, and her love preserv'd
My youthful frame from all the woes of life.
When pallid sickness shook my tender
frame,

And potent death seem'd ardent for his
prey,

Then would maternal care procure the
shield

That turn'd the levell'd dart aside.

A brother's converse there and sister's
love,

Beam'd like the sun upon good fortune's
day;

And in affliction's night, like the fair moon,
Shed heavenly comforts on its weeping
shades.

Together oft we've join'd the friendly
throng,

And while the hours in swift succession
flew,

Cheerful and blest have search'd the finny
stream,

Or rov'd the woods and shady groves a-
long.

Such

Such was the sea of pleasure, where in youth
I swam, unconscious of the hidden rocks.
Child of the woods, by parent nature nurs'd,
I spent my youth in solitary wilds,
Slept on the rosy couch of much lov'd ease,
Heedless of thorns, those cares of riper days.

But war, dread demon, stalk'd the plains along,
While his big cry roll'd through the hollow vale,
And mighty tremblings seiz'd the hills around.

High wav'd the banners of insulting foes;
Their deadly weapons gleam'd upon the hills

Like meteors dancing in the shades of night—

Stern strode the chief in all the pomp of war,

And wav'd his sword in triumph o'er his head.

To guard the infant, to protect the fire,
To save my country from the impending storm,

I seiz'd my arms, and with the warrior band

Rush'd, like the lion, on the bloody foe.

As two dark clouds that lift their fullen brows

Above the hills, and at a distance frown,
Then meet with fury; while the angry winds

Howl o'er the hills, and roar the groves along,

Loud thunders rumble, and the lightnings blaze—

So roar'd the fight—warrior with warrior mix'd,

In horrid confusion, Five bloody youths
Lay weltering at my feet, ere came the blow,

That gave the cursed wound: Prone in the dust

I fell: Ah, had I dy'd in honour's cause!
A warrior ought to meet a warrior's fate.

Scarce had the battle ceas'd, when I was led,

Besmear'd with blood, into this dreary cell.
Here have I lain, o'erwhelm'd with tides of grief,

And wish'd in vain for death, No comfort here;

No consolation to my harra's'd soul!

Dire is this gloomy place. No sound I hear,

Save the sad accents of my butcher'd friends,

Who mourn in wild despair: Save when I hear

The big mouth'd bell speak fullen in the ear

Of night, and tell when comes the hour of rest:

At morning, too, his voice salutes the dawn,

Bids drowsy mortals shake off sleep, and rise.

Oft at his voice I wake; but wake, alas!
To scenes for me too awful to describe!

When will the happy moment come,
when free'd

From this detested gloom, my feet shall rove,

The fields again, when gales bring health and peace!

LINUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GHOST of WARREN.

A VISION.

By the Same.

LOUD roar'd the surges of the sea
Along the rocky shore;

All darkness was the night to me,

And mirth was heard no more.

On Bunker's hill alone I stood,

High on the mossy rocks;

The tear of grief my face bedew'd;

Hoarse winds sigh'd through my locks:

Of WARREN's death, my sighing song

Told the lamented tale:

My numbers roll'd the hill along,

Borne by the passing gale.

At length, upon a gloomy cloud,

I saw great WARREN soar;

Ten thousand warriors round him bow'd,

And wav'd their swords of gore.

Borne on the pinions of the wind,

The splendid vision pass'd;

While WARREN cast a look behind,

And thus the bard address'd:

"Sweet are thy numbers, son of songs!

My shade is sooth'd to rest;

No more shall great COLUMBIA's wrongs

Disturb my tranquil breast.

To scenes, in other worlds, I go,

Where joys shall never end;

Then cease thy song, O bard of woe!

And weep no more thy friend."

He said—they mounted on the gale,

While music roll'd around;

Thro' the broad sky in pomp they sail,

To realms where joys abound.

SONG.

SONG of a SPIRIT.

By Mrs. RADCLIFF.

IN the fightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sun beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day light stray;
Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.
Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day star's flaming course
Through realms of space to thought
unknown:
And listen to celestial sounds
That swell the air unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly round,
O'er woody steep, and silent glen.
Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.
And oft, on point of airy clift,
That hangs upon the Western main,
I watch the gay tints, passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain,
Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me, the sea nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.
Their dulcet shells! I hear them now,
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.
The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles thro' the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;
Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
Faintly shewn by moon light gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power
In shadows dire that substance seem;
In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence makes more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad solemn strains, that wake the dead.
Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

ODE to LIBERTY.

HAPPY the man, who, unconstrain'd,
Obeys but Nature's equal laws;
Who fears no power by might maintain'd,
And boldly vindicates his Country's
cause.

Fortune's attacks secure he braves,
Firmly prepar'd for any chance;
None tremble at her frowns but slaves,
Whose dastard fears their abject hopes
enhance.

His roving steps, uncurb'd by dread,
From clime to clime can freely roam;
He goes where choice or fortune leads,
Freedom his guide, and all the world
his home.

Conscious of worth, his generous soul
To stoop to lawless power disdains;
No threats or force his thoughts control,
He e'en enjoys his Liberty in chains.

M U S A.

S T A N Z A S,

*Written extempore, on seeing a beautiful Young
Lady bathing at a distance.*

HOW sweet do Clara's charms appear,
When bathing in yon stream so clear!
My soul in rapture melts away,
I feel each faculty decay,

Kind god of Love! thy aid impart,
To soothe a wretched shepherd's heart;
O, teach the lovely, cruel fair,
The anguish of my soul to share!

Or, from my tortur'd love-sick breast,
Which knows nor joy, nor peace, nor rest!
Withdraw the cruel, deadly dart,
That sadly wounds my yielding heart.

LEANDER.

The ADVANTAGE of VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, soft blam of every woe,
Of every gift the cure;
'Tis thou alone that canst bestow
Pleasures unmix'd and pure.

The shady wood, the verdant mead,
Are Virtue's flow'ry road;
Nor painful are the steps which lead
To her divine abode.

'Tis not in palaces or halls,
She or her train appear;
Far off she flies from pompous walls,
Virtue and Peace dwell here.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

*Summary of Foreign Intelligence.*

T U R K E Y.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27.

THE people are anxious for a war with Russia, and as the greatest preparations are making to complete the military establishment, it is confidently reported and believed that the desires of the people will be complied with. A rumour was circulated three days ago, that the Porte had ordered the French frigates to quit the Archipelago. The fact is, that the French ships meet with the most ample protection, and are permitted to dispose of their cargoes, and to carry on their commerce in the same manner as they did during the existence of the old government. A French brig from Smyrna has brought orders to the frigates to return to Toulon: This brig carried into Smyrna two English merchantmen, which she had captured in her passage from Toulon.

A member of the National Convention arrived here yesterday: His entry was magnificent, and he appeared with the bonnet rouge on his head. The object of his mission is not yet known, but it is said, that it is for the purpose of pointing out to the Porte, the policy and necessity of supporting the Polish patriots against Russia, and of Prussia, and promising that if this system of policy is adopted, the French will protect with their fleets, the trade of Turkey.

F L A N D E R S.

Camp of Ecloo, near Thielt, June 21.

I have only time to inform you of the melancholy posture of affairs in West Flanders. Ypres surrendered yesterday morning; the garrison consisting of ten battalions, much reduced in number by the siege, are prisoners of war, and have been escorted to Lille; the Hanoverians are at Bruges, where the British, who were at Ostend, joined them last night. General Clairfayt is at Thielt, and unless he receives reinforcements, must fall back upon Ghent tomorrow.

Never was seen such a break up as that of yesterday at Ostend: Every body that

could find the means were quitting the place. The magistrates and people of property were all gone: When the French come, they will find nothing but magazines empty, shops shut up and deserted. General Steward gave leave to all the inhabitants yesterday to depart: All the ships in the harbour were ordered out into the road, and all the baggage belonging to the staff, the 85th Regiment of foot, and the 8th Dragoons, was embarked; the departure of Prince Ernest was the signal of alarm and flight. The French came yesterday with 20,000 men to Roufelaer. A piquet of 30 men of the 8th dragoons, sent out in the morning, was surrounded and taken, before Gistell. As far as we can judge from appearances, Nieuport and Ostend will be abandoned to them in the course of two days, without striking a blow, for the inundations have not produced the expected effect. The French have again passed the Sambre, and invested Charleroi, with more numerous forces than before, so that we have no assistance to hope from that quarter, but much to fear.

F R A N C E.

PARIS, May 28.—The National Convention have lately decreed the formation of a military school in the plain of Sablons, near Paris. The heads of this decree are: That there shall be sent to Paris from each district of the Republic, six young citizens, from the age of 16 to 17 and an half, to receive, by a revolutionary education, all the knowledge and habits of a Republican Soldier. They shall come to Paris on foot, unarmed, and travel as the defenders of the Republic: The national agents of the districts shall take such measures that the Eleves of their vicinity shall march ten days after the receipt of the decree. The Eleves of the military school shall be clothed, armed, and fed, at the expense of the Republic. They shall be exercised in the use of arms, the manœuvres of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They shall learn the principles of the art of war, and fortification; they shall be trained to fraternity, good manners,

ners, love of their country, and a hatred for Kings; and be under the immediate inspection and management of the Committee of Public Welfare.

DEFEAT of the SPANIARDS.

Letter from the Representatives near the Eastern Pyrenean army.

CITIZENS COLLEAGUES. We have to announce to you a great victory obtained over the Spaniards. Nothing but the infant love of country could have enabled our brothers in arms to have overcome the almost insuperable obstacles which opposed their success, and which shielded their enemies. St. Elmos, situated on an almost inaccessible mountain, has fallen, and its garrison, though thus situated, have capitulated. We have this instant been to see, according to the terms of capitulation, 7000 slaves deposit their arms at the feet of the Republicans, and take the oath not to serve against the French republic during the war. The force of the Spanish guards at Collioure and its environs, are six battalions of Spanish, and one regiment of little Walloon guards; in all eleven regiments not complete, besides artillery and cavalry. Return of prisoners, 3 Marshals de Camp, 10 Brigadiers, 15 Colonels, 60 Lieutenant Colonels, 300 Captains and Lieutenants, 300 Sergeants, 6468 privates, and several companies of cavalry and artillery, 6468 muskets, 20 standards, 100 chests of tumbour, all the horses and mules, the army and equipments of the cavalry and artillery. We have sent two officers who are charged to present to the National Convention the splendid trophies of this victory of republicans.

Signed, SOUNBRAY and MILHAUD.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 20.—The committee of American merchants had an interview with Mr. Pitt on Saturday last, to know whether they might with confidence prepare their goods for the American markets as usual, or whether, under the existing circumstances, the alarm of a rupture was sufficiently grounded to make them hesitate in executing the orders they had received? Mr. Pitt declined giving them any advice as to executing their orders; he said he was happy in being able to assure them, that the governments of the two countries were disposed to preserve a good understanding; but it could not be concealed that Jacobin doctrines had

made their way in America to such an extent as to make it doubtful what would be the issue of the differences now to be settled. He trusted, however, that they would be guided by moderation and wisdom in the propositions they had to make to this country, and the gentlemen, whom they had deputed on the occasion, would find his majesty's ministers earnestly disposed to preserve the peace which so happily subsisted between the two countries.

June 28.—A servant belonging to the Duke of York arrived this morning at the Secretary of State's office with dispatches from his Royal Highness. The particulars of the contents have not yet transpired; but it is known that they confirm what has been stated, that the army has made a movement towards Nivelles to succour the Prince of Orange, who was judged to be in a critical situation, on account of the immense numbers of the French.

This messenger was obliged to come by the way of Holland, which puts it beyond a doubt that the French have cut off completely for the present, all communication between East and West Flanders.

Gen. Kosciuszko's account of the action between the Polish troops, and the army of the King of Prussia, received by the Dutch mails, differs, very materially, from that given in the Berlin papers. The loss of the Poles amount to 600 men, that of the enemy is much more considerable. Some reports state the loss of the Prussians at 500 killed and wounded and that of the Russians at 400.

Yesterday Mr. Jay, the American Minister, had a private interview with Mr. Pitt at his house in Downing street.

We have just learnt that the French, having returned in great numbers to Nieuport, have retaken the town of Furnels, and all the ports of which a part of our garrison had possessed themselves the evening before. Sixty thousand French troops, collected from Lille, Courtray and Menin, are now surrounding the fortress of Ypres, the communication of which, with the other places in Flanders, is entirely cut off. The bombardment of it is carried on vigorously. Two attempts, it is said, have been made to take it by assault. An attempt is meditated by the French, on Ostend. It appears that the French have fired red hot balls into Ypres, by which means they have destroyed the convents, and many fine buildings belonging to that town. By letters received yesterday from Ostend, we have the unpleasant

pleasant intelligence, that Gen. Clairfayt had sustained a defeat in his attempt to relieve Ypres on the 12th inst. In conse-

quence, it is said that Ypres had surrendered on the 13th.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, July 24.

CAPTURE of the FRENCH CONVOY.

ON Tuesday last arrived from the Capes of the Delaware, his Majesty's ships Argonaut of 70 guns, Capt. Aylmer, and L'Oiseau of 36 guns, Capt. Murray; having under their convoy the following French and American vessels: 5 ships, 1 snow, 6 Brigs and 1 schooner, chiefly laden with flour, and belonging to Philadelphia and Alexandria. These vessels are prizes to his Majesty's ships under the command of Rear Admiral Murray. The Admiral sailed from Plymouth the 19th of May, having under his command, the following Squadron, which are appointed to the American station, and are to rendezvous at this place.

Ships.	Guns.
Resolution,	74
Argonaut,	70
Africa,	64
Thetis,	38
L'Oiseau,	36
Celopatra,	32
Thilbe,	28
Alert,	14

It is said that Fauchet had been for some time collecting this provision fleet, and that he expected the arrival of four sail of the line, which not arriving at the time appointed, and the expenses of demorage, &c. high, he had concluded to send them away with the above mentioned convoy.

GRAND NAVAL COMBAT.

Letter from Admiral Earl Howe, on board the Queen Charlotte, June 2, 1794.

SIR,

THINKING it may not be necessary to make a more particular report of my proceedings with the fleet for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I confine my communications chiefly in this dispatch, to the occurrences when in presence of the enemy yesterday.

Finding on my return off Brest, on the 19th past, that the French fleet had, a few days before put to sea; and receiving on the same evening advices from Admiral

Montague, I deemed it requisite to endeavour to form a junction with the Rear Admiral as soon as possible, and proceeded immediately for the station on which he meant to wait for the return of the Venus. But having gained very credible intelligence on the 21st of the same month, whereby I had reason to suppose the French fleet was then but a few leagues farther to the westward, the course before steered was altered accordingly.

On the morning of the 28th the enemy where discovered far to windward, and partial actions were engaged with them that evening, and the next day. The weather guage having been obtained in the progress of the last mentioned day, and the fleet being in a situation for bringing the enemy to close action the first instant, the ships bore up together for that purpose, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning.

The French, therefore, consisting of twenty six sail of the line, opposed to his Majesty's fleet of twenty five, waited for the action, and sustained the attack with their customary resolution.

In less than an hour after the close action commenced in the centre, the French Admiral, engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off and was followed by most of the ships of his van in condition to carry sail after him, leaving with us 10 or 12 of his crippled or totally dismasted ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement. The Queen Charlotte had then lost her fore topmast and the main topmast fell over the side very soon after.

The greater number of the other ships of the British fleet were at this time so much disabled, or widely separated, and under such circumstances with respect to those ships of the enemy in a state for action, and with which the firing was still continued, that two or three even of their dismasted ships attempted to get under a spritsail, singly, or smaller sail raised on the stump of the foremast could not be detained. Seven remained in our possession, one of which however sunk before the adequate assistance could be given to her crew; but many were saved.

The

The Brunswick having lost her mizen mast in the action, and drifted to leeward of the French retreating ships, was obliged to put away large to the northward of them. The material injury to his Majesty's ships, I understand, is confined principally to their masts and yards, which I conclude will be speedily replaced.

I have not yet been able to collect regular accounts of the killed and wounded in the different ships. Capt. Montague is the only officer of his rank who fell in the action. The number of both descriptions I hope will prove small, the nature of the service considered; but I have the concern of being obliged to add on this subject that Admiral Graves had received a wound in the arm, and that Rear Admirals, Bowyer and Palley, and Capt. Hutt of the Queen have each had a leg taken off.

REMARKS on the PRESENT SITUATION of FRANCE.

The resources of France are so astonishingly great that the loss of 25 ships at Toulon scarcely excited the attention of the nation. The loss of them has not been mentioned by the National Convention, as an event in any respect connected with the great system of their revolution. Amidst this disaster they pursued their victories, and in a few months fitted out a fleet equal, according to the English account, to theirs. France must excite the astonishment of the world. Alone she is fighting the cause of freedom, of mankind, and particularly of America. Beset with a banditti of tyrants, she appears like a lion, surrounded with every ravenous beast of the forest. Animated with the spirit of liberty, they will rouse to the combat, and like her sister America, who always became formidable from her misfortunes, will renew their attacks with tenfold energy. In Flanders the French are almost uniformly victorious. The Germans are computed to have lost 60,000 men in the month of May, and are now wholly on the defensive.

DISTRESSING CONFLAGRATION.

On Wednesday the 30th ult. a fire in this town began its devastation in the Rope-walk owned by Mr. Howe, about twenty minutes after 4 o'clock, A.M. from accident. Mr. How had kindled a fire that morning, a spark from which caught some hemp and tar, and instantly communicated the flames in all directions, baffling every effort to extinguish them. The alarm was instantly spread through the town; but

before any number of citizens could be collected, such was the quantity of the combustibles on fire, all the walks adjacent, six of which were six hundred feet in length, were enveloped in the flames; which, fed by immense quantities of hemp, cordage and tar, spread with nearly the celerity of electricity. A large number of dwelling houses in Green's Lane and in the street facing the Ropewalks have been destroyed, and, it is said, nearly one hundred families turned out of doors by this distressing accident.

PUBLIC EXECUTION.

On Wednesday afternoon, 30th ult. Collins, Fertidi, and Polecki, were executed on the common in this town for piracy, agreeably to the sentence of the Circuit Court.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Jacob Eustis to Miss Eliza S. Gray; Mr. Isaac Larkin, junior editor of the Independent Chronicle, to Miss Nabby Clark; Mr. William Trefrey to Miss Mary Stimpson; Mr. Asa Hatch to Miss Patty Brown; Mr. Thomas Stepson to Miss Polly Hammond; Mr. Thomas H. Kemble to Miss Abigail Bumstead.

Dedham, Mr. Josiah Bumstead to Miss Abigail Baker.

Lexington, Dr. Joseph Fisk, jun. to Miss Betsey Stone.

Melbuen, The Rev. Titus Theodore Barton to Miss Ruth Wood.

Salem, Capt. John Foster to Miss Polly Burchmore.

Tewksbury, Mr. Russell Meers to Miss Susannah Duton.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. John Robinson, 56; Mr. Daniel Collins, 58; Miss Sally Mackay; Capt. Joseph Cowdin, 29; Samuel May, Esq. 71; Mrs. Frances Maud, 57; Miss Phebe Harlow, 18; Mrs. Hannah Dinmore, 68; Mrs. Sarah Davis, 47; Miss Mary Blake, 29; Capt. William Porter, 30; Mr. John Winniett, 70; Mr. John Clap; Mr. William Eaton, 38; Mrs. Mary Alline; Mr. William Foot, 44; Mrs. Eliza Eaton, 38; Mr. William Penniman, 59.

Boylston, Mrs. Rebekah Keyes, 89.

Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Beach, 31; Mrs. Deborah Melvill, 58.

Haverhill, Mrs. Priscilla Bartlett.

Plymouth, Mrs. Nancy Jackson, 28.